

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1868, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 690—VOL. XXVII.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

\$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00

Postponement of the Issue of our Supplement, "Grant at the Capture of the City of Mexico."

We announce that with this number of our paper the picture in oil colors, entitled "Grant at the Capture of the City of Mexico," would be published as a Supplement. But, as full supplies failed to arrive in time from London, we have postponed the issue of this beautiful work of art for one week. It will positively be published with No. 691, issued on Wednesday, December 16th, just in time to be recognized by the public as an attractive Christmas Gift.

China in America.

The shadows which coming events are said to cast before them were never more strongly marked nor more clearly defined than are those Celestial shadows, as we may term them, which have so lately reached us across the Pacific Ocean.

The opening of direct communication, by steam, with China and the Far East—itsself the

result of rapidly growing intercourse and trade with that country—which took place in January, 1867, has found a fitting sequel in the mission of Mr. Burlingame and his Chinese co-Ambassadors, and in the enterprise now projected and partially developed, for connecting the two countries still more closely by telegraph. The latter undertaking is a natural—we might almost say inevitable—sequence of the former, and both, of the increasing favor with which the Republic and Americans are regarded by the Chinese, and by the highest authorities in that vast empire. We have great reason to feel satisfied with the success which has thus far characterized our intercourse with a people so remote, so exclusive in their habits, and so tenacious of what they consider the hereditary national supremacy of the Chinese. It remains to be seen what the action of our new Minister at Peking, where he has just arrived, is going to be, and what is likely to grow out of the operation of the new treaty in that quarter. But with one important consequence of that brief but well-worded instrument already before us, no one need doubt the result. The wedge has been fairly struck home. Official intolerance, and popu-

lar indifference and ignorance, have yielded to Western enterprise, and the persuasive eloquence of self-interest; and with the steamship line and the electric wire—which is so soon to follow—in full operation, we may confidently regard the China question settled.

But the mission of Mr. Burlingame to the United States, and the treaty which has since been ratified, should not be lost sight of in the consideration of our future relations with that country. Its main provisions are so brief and explicit as not easily to be misunderstood.

The Chinese demand, first, that we acknowledge the rights of sovereignty belonging to their Government at home, and extend even-handed justice to their citizens abroad. A sense of pride and national honor, not less than a sense of duty, require that we accord to them what we demand for ourselves.

The acquisition of increased privileges and trade in China have imposed upon us grave responsibilities, and we should meet them squarely and fairly, as becomes us. We have upward of 75,000 Chinese in this country, seven-eighths of whom are at present living in California, and nearly two-thirds in the city of San Francisco. Has the conduct of the au-

thorities of that city toward those people been such as to warrant us in asking further privileges at the hands of the Chinese, or even in considering the withholding of them as unjust, or even unreasonable?

Motives of self-interest, if not of honor and duty, should prompt the Legislature of California to take immediate steps to secure to Chinese settlers on that coast the rights to which they are justly entitled. Their labor, and the just recompense of it, is as valuable to the State as to themselves, and until they shall be permitted to stand on the same legal and social footing, with laborers of other nationalities and color, justice has not been done them. The question of naturalization does not enter into this consideration of the subject. The treaty as ratified secures to the Chinese the right to be heard in our Courts; and it opens the naval and military schools to them, that they may learn the science of war on land and ocean. Beyond this, the advantages conceded to them by the Burlingame Treaty amount to a protection of their lives, property, and labor, which is their property. This, and nothing more. But this is everything, both to them and to us.



A GROUP OF GYPSIES, IN GRANADA, SPAIN—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.—SEE PAGE 211

To the News Trade.

Notice Concerning Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

The issue of the Picture in oil colors, of

General Grant at the Capture of Mexico,

is postponed, for one week, in consequence of the non-arrival from London of a full supply.

But it will positively be published with No. 691, on Wednesday, December 16th, and will be a very salable number for the Holidays.

The publisher has determined, in future, to issue all colored supplements with the paper, at the option of the Trade. Newsdealers can have the paper, with or without the Picture, or a portion of their order with the Picture, and a portion without it, as they may elect.

This Picture will be one of the most profitable speculations offered to the trade this season, the retail price being 30 cents, and the wholesale only three times what is now paid for the paper, allowing a large margin for profit.

The Oil Picture now about to be issued, was painted in Washington, by Mr. LEUTZE, aided by the suggestions and with the approval of General GRANT. It represents a very interesting incident in American History, and should be in the house of every American family.

If no alteration is made in orders, the supplement will be sent with the paper.

AMERICAN NEWS CO.,
NEW YORK NEWS CO.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHRISTMAS OFFERING TO AMERICAN HOUSEHOLDS.

A Magnificent Chromograph, ENTITLED

"Grant at the Capture of the City of Mexico."

From the Original picture, painted by
the late Emanuel Leutze, expressly
for Mr. Leslie.

THIS MAGNIFICENT WORK OF ART,

Printed in Oil Colors by William
Dickes, of London,

Will be published as a SUPPLEMENT to
THE NEXT NUMBER (691) OF
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
Issued Dec. 16, 1868.

The artist has described the subject of his painting
as follows:

"While the troops were advancing upon the city of Mexico, they were much annoyed by the fire of the enemy from the tops of their flat-roofed houses. Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, with a few men, hoisted a battery of mountain howitzers to the cupola of the church of St. Fernando, and opened an enfilading fire on the house-tops."—Extract from correspondence of Emanuel Leutze.

N. B.—Give your order immediately to your news-dealer, or send 30 cents to FRANK LESLIE'S Publication Office, 537 Pearl street, N. Y., and the picture and paper will be forwarded by mail to your address on the day of publication.

REDUCTION IN PRICE.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for
1869.

Now ready, Price 20 cents, formerly 30 cents,

Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Almanac, with over 50 beautiful illustrations, 32 pages of interesting reading matter, specially adapted for ladies. This is the only Illustrated Lady's Almanac published, and is now in its seventh year. Also,

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1869,

32 pages, price 30 cents, formerly 50 cents, with 4 beautiful chromo-lithographic pictures, superbly colored, fully equal to oil paintings. These have been selected from the most popular works of Louis Lang, and other celebrated painters; besides 60 beautiful engravings, and 64 pages of interesting reading matter.

ALSO, PRICE 15 CENTS,

Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac for 1869,
32 PAGES,

With upward of 80 splendid illustrations, and full of the most humorous reading matter.

Our New Serial Story.

In our next number we will commence the publication of a novel by the elder Alexander Dumas, entitled "THE PRUSSIAN TERROR." This work is the latest production of the pen of this celebrated French author, and has created a great sensation in Europe. It has been translated expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and the American public will appreciate it as one of the most interesting and romantic of the literary achievements of that fertile imagination that produced "Monte Christo," "The Three Musketeers," and other romances, that have been the delight of every household familiar with the first-class literature of the day.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a journal, to be entitled,

"THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

More extended notices of the design of our new journal will be given in future advertisements.

The Erie Railway Fight.

TO THE mere spectator, the struggle between the contending factions of the Erie Railway administration presents all the intricacy of a game of chess, combined with all the excitement of a real battle. We are not sure whether we do not pay all the actors of this scandalous affair too high a compliment, in admitting that their conduct suggests contests which are governed by the rules of honor and fair play. Certain it is, that if games of skill or trials of strategy were tainted by disreputable manoeuvres, similar to those which have given the Erie Railway fight its bad pre-eminence, they would be avoided by all men to whom a good name was of more value than railway stocks, and who would disdain a victory won by perjury or fraud.

It is more than probable that the great mass of the readers of the daily papers ceased the perusal of the "Great Erie Railway Fight" after the account of the third or fourth day's contest. Only professional men could take an interest in proceedings to which every day added fresh complications and new disputants. In some respects it was like reading an account of a prize-fight. It is with some degree of interest that we follow the champions to the ring—read of their looks, their condition, and how each behaved—of the surrounding crowd—of the scenery—and some naughty persons may take a malicious pleasure in knowing how the police were tricked or outwitted. Any one may be excused in being interested in the preliminary skirmish, and the first round or two; but when the essential brutality of the ring begins, when each round is but the repetition of the other in the wounds, bruises, and cuts inflicted and endured, we turn in disgust from such details, and are satisfied to know, as the general result, that the Game Chicken defeated the Slasher in sixty rounds and forty-nine minutes. It is inevitable that there should be a good deal of "skipping" by the general readers in all detailed accounts of such combats, whether fictitious or forensic. It is easy to understand how Judge Barnard, at the instance of the Directors themselves, should appoint one of their number (Gould) as Receiver of the road. But when, a few hours afterward, the Court changes its mind, or, in other words, another Judge (Sutherland), having co-ordinate jurisdiction with Barnard, appoints a different person (Davies) Receiver, the affair becomes rather complicated. Still it is not yet beyond the reach of ordinary non-professional understandings. But the next day the confusion thickens. The interference of the United States Courts has been invoked, and it appears that while the argument before Judge Sutherland had been purposely prolonged, Judge Blatchford, of the United States Court, had been induced to appoint a Receiver also, and who should he appoint but Gould, the appointee of Barnard. But we are not yet near the thickest of the fight. Other city Judges join in the sport of flinging injunctions around. A Judge from Binghamton rushes into the fray, and like the Beefeater in the "Critic," commands them all to drop their swords and daggers, till somebody he appoints can inquire into the merits of the quarrel. As a sort of by-play or underplot, one of the counsel (Fullerton) is under indictment in some revenue matters, even still more complicated than this Erie affair, and while arguing his brief in one case, he is called upon by the Court he is pleading before to answer as a criminal in another.

The Courts having thus got into a state of most sublime confusion, each one—Federal and State, City and County—issuing injunctions against anybody suing anybody else, let us see whether inquiries into the origin of this turmoil will enable us to understand its true merits. Reading the affidavits filed before the Courts will not help us much, for the simple reason that what one side swears is true, the other swears is false, and the probability is that neither can be believed. One grand fact, however, remains, and that is, TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. This sum has been obtained from the pockets of the public,

either honestly or dishonestly, fraudulently or in the regular course of business; the Erie Directors have got it, and some parties are trying to take it from them, and therefore no one need wonder that the combat thickens. It so happens that most of the persons who appear before the public in this fight, as principals or accessories, were principals or accessories in the former fight at the beginning of this year, and as in the progress of the struggle they have turned sides, the public has been much amused by hearing the stories told all round about former associates. We are sorry to be obliged to say that the old proverb about certain persons getting their dues when certain others fall out, will probably not be true in this case, because the only parties who can really profit, will be the lawyers on both sides. It appears by one affidavit—though, as we have said, implicit credence cannot be given to any of these documents—that, at the close of the former litigation, a sum of \$25,000 was paid to one counsel, being part of a sum of upward of \$400,000 paid by the Railway Company in compromise of some claims upon them. The counsel who is sworn to have received this sum—though we may observe, in passing, that he swears he did not—is retained in one of the present suits, and by some one or other of the Courts has been appointed Receiver of the Company.

With such prizes as this in prospect, and no blanks, it is not marvelous that these suits are prosecuted in a very vivacious manner, and that the highest legal talent—that is, the highest paid—is engaged on both sides. What the stockholders of the road, out of whose pockets these enormous legal expenses must ultimately come, have to say, is another and quite a different matter. It is not long since the three directors, whose management of the road and whose personal honesty are now vigorously impugned, were unanimously elected by the stockholders, and therefore these latter have only themselves to blame if they commit their interests to men who are incapable or dishonest. But besides what the stockholders and others interested in this road may have to say about its management, the public at large has an indirect interest in it, to precisely the same extent in which it is concerned that the institutions of the country should not be conducted so as to be a national disgrace, and what is yet more important, that our Judiciary should not be made a laughingstock to all the world.

When it is made a matter of reproach against the Federal Government that it is cheated out of one-fifth of the revenue by the officers appointed to collect it, the heads of departments may well allege the impossibility of selecting honest and capable men among the thousands who are clamoring for appointment, and may point to this Erie Railway quarrel as proof that even the possession of large wealth is no guarantee for integrity of even the lowest standard. If, in this city of New York, the centre of the commerce of the continent, there cannot be found men who will not so far abuse their trust as to issue twenty millions of stock beyond what they had any legal right to issue, and, presumably, for their personal advantages, how shall the Government at Washington escape being defrauded by the men it is obliged to trust, and who are picked out of the riff-raff and scum of the political hangers-on who swarm round every Member of Congress?

Shall we then hastily conclude that there is a decline of public virtue among us, that common honesty is among the things of the past, and that the social disturbances of the late civil war have unsettled the standards by which the conduct of men ought to be measured? By no means. Hudson and Peto had their day in England, and though many persons were ready to say, at the time their frauds came to light, that commercial honesty was dying out, we have yet to learn that the average administrative integrity of that country is any lower now than it has been at any period during this century. And so we are confident that the force of public opinion will surely, but it may be slowly, overwhelm the authors of these Erie frauds, and replace them by honest and upright men, of whom there is no lack among us.

The manner in which the Judiciary has lowered itself in public esteem, is, as we have already intimated, a far more serious matter, and some of our contemporaries have not hesitated, we are sorry to see, to impute corrupt motives to the acts of some of the Judges. It would have been more charitable, and as the event has shown, far wiser, to have attributed the erratic conduct of some of the Judges to their overstrained courtesy toward the Bar. Still, the unseemly spectacle has been presented to the public, of Judges of the same Court placing themselves in positions of quasi hostility to each other, and to the Courts of higher jurisdiction, an attitude which can only tend to make the entire Judiciary an object of popular derision. We wish it had been otherwise; or that the muddle into which the Courts have got, had originated in some cause wherein so large an amount of property had not been at stake; because, we are convinced that there is nothing more essential to the

prosperity of a community like ours, than respect for the administration of the laws; and, on the other hand, the slightest suspicion that the corruption which has tainted many high places, has tarnished also the purity of the Bench, will work an amount of evil not to be measured in dollars, but to be traced hereafter in the gradual decay of every public and private virtue.

Marriage in New York.

It has been several times decided in the Courts of this State that marriage is simply a contract, and that the intervention of persons or aldermen, rings, prayers and *powers* of all kinds, are purely *objets de luxe*, simple pleasant formulas of no kind of practical consequence. A man may marry himself, always however, with the consent of the female in the case, and there need be no witnesses or documents of any kind. It is only necessary for him to say to his friends and the public that *Jemima Blank* is his wife, and she is legally, as a recent decision has for the hundredth time affirmed.

A lawsuit took place in Rye, Westchester County, a few days ago, in which there was a dispute regarding the property of one Taylor, deceased. The principal contestant was Mrs. Catharine Pauline Taylor, formerly Kate Edward, who claimed to be the widow of Mr. Taylor, by whom she had two children. In her testimony Mrs. Taylor stated that no marriage ceremony was ever performed between her and Mr. Taylor, but he recognized her as his wife, and agreed of his own will to so recognize her when they commenced living together. She was in his house at the time, and he dreaded the objections of his grown daughters to the match. Mrs. Van Tuyl, one of his daughters, was the other claimant. The property of deceased in litigation amounted to over \$500,000. It was decided, in perfect conformity with previous rulings, that Miss Edward was the wife of William Taylor, because he represented her as such, and, moreover, lived with her as such.

An appeal was made, but it must fail. Marriage in New York is neither a sacrament nor a ceremony; it is simply a contract, provable, as all other contracts are, by documents, witnesses, or admissions. *Voilà!*

In publishing the picture of Mrs. Schnyler Colfax, in a recent number, we neglected to state that the photograph was furnished by Mr. J. F. Ryder, of Cleveland, Ohio.

An affair called the "Baudin affair" is exciting great interest in Paris. Baudin was a deputy, killed on a barricade on December 3, 1851, resisting the *coup d'état*, and the Republicans have opened subscriptions to provide him a monument. The Liberal papers published these subscriptions, and are to be prosecuted for exciting hatred and contempt of the Government. The journalists say it is not legal, fifty-three lawyers coincide in the opinion, and the lists are issued daily, the Government on its side bringing actions. The trial is considered a sort of duel, and will be watched by all Paris with an interest which the republicans hope will deepen till a popular movement becomes possible. They, of course, care nothing about M. Baudin, a worthy but obscure person, forgotten for seventeen years, but they care much for the chance of a victory over the Government.

It is stated in the London *Athenaeum* that *The Echo*, a new London evening paper, will be printed by two of Marconi's machines, which are said to be capable of producing 80,000 copies an hour. What do our press-builders say to this statement?

"That's so."—A daily contemporary remarks: "General Grant's election gives the assurance of vigorous protection to all who take their capital or merely the labor of their hands into the South, and prompt punishment to all who trespass on the sovereign right of an American citizen to go where he will, settle where he likes, and say what he pleases. Millions of capital could not so enrich South and North, East and West, as does this verdict of the people in favor of equal rights and Republican liberty."

GRAPES are particularly abundant in Paris this year. They sell at from six to twelve cents a pound. All are fine. In 1866 there were brought into Paris more than eight and a half million kilograms—nearly eighteen million pounds—of grapes. The importation this year is very much greater, thanks to the superior quality and low prices. Add to this immense supply the considerable yield of gardens within the octroi wall.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, while exhorting the Democracy of his State to keep up their clubs, advises, most sensibly, that "features looking to the subjects of immigration, agriculture, manufactures and education be engrained upon each club, so that an organized and systematic effort may be at once made to add to our population, to promote the industries of our State, and to advance the cause of popular intelligence."

GENERAL J. B. BARNARD has written a letter to the *Times*, giving an interesting account of the recent artillery experiments at Fort Mifflin.

In closing, the general refers to the Moncrieff gun-carriage, of which we gave an elaborate account, and also an engraving, some weeks ago, and informs us that the invention, for which Captain Moncrieff has got the credit, was made by an American officer of engineers "many years" since. He states, also, that a model of the original invention is in existence.

The modesty of Mr. George Francis Train stands in no need of vindication, as appears from the following extracts from a recent letter, dated in the debtors' prison, Dublin:

"I have only one passion. Born an egotist, I believe in self, and self alone. I feel that I would have crossed the bridge of Lodi, and would have provided against the burning of Moscow. I would not have been four years, with a million of men back of me, making Lee surrender ten thousand, as Grant did.

"I think I shall live to a great age, and have much to do with the governing of my country, and the financial, commercial, political, theological, and medical education and representation of my people."

"My people" is good for a *dénu*; but wasn't Louis Napoleon once in prison?

The British Courts have decided that a part of a book may be copyrighted, and another part not. The decision arose out of a suit by Low, of London, against Ward, the latter having republished Dr. Holmes's story, "The Guardian Angel." In order to secure a British copyright, Dr. Holmes went to Montreal while the story was running through the *Atlantic Monthly*. The last six chapters appeared in an English edition, authorized while he was residing on British soil. It was decided that he had a valid copyright in those chapters, but not in those published before he went to Canada.

It may not be generally known that there is a college called "The Lincoln University," at Oxford, Pa., dedicated to the education of students of African descent. Within two years four chairs have been endowed, each on the sum of \$20,000; one by the liberality of W. E. Dodge, Esq., of this city; one by the Avery estate of Pittsburgh; one by a gentleman of New York; and one by Mrs. Mary Dickoy, her husband, son, and others. Three more chairs remain to be filled. More than half of the students were slaves a few years since, and over forty were soldiers.

We have the very reverse of "Mr. Arthur Sketchley's" book on America, in "Last Winter in the United States," by F. Barham Zineke, "Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen." Mr. Sketchley saw nothing good in America; Mr. Zineke found nothing bad. He says:

"In traveling 8,000 miles, through all parts of the Union, I never once saw, even in the woods of the South or on the prairies of the West, any more than in New York or Boston, a table d'hôte dinner served at the sound of a bell, at one time, for all the guests of the house, upon which a scramble ensued for every dish. I should be surprised to hear that this practice now existed in a single hotel in the Union. The method of proceeding, which is now universal, is for every single person, or party of persons, to be served separately. Nor are the middle-class Americans, who are the chief frequenters of hotels, more rapid in dispatching their meals than we are. They are the reverse of talkative. They are not inquisitive. They are far more civil and helpful to one another and to strangers than Englishmen are. Those whom we should consider in good society are, in a very high degree, quiet and unassuming. I never heard an American use the word 'stare' for stare, nor did I ever hear one 'guess,' nor was I ever asked to 'liquor.' And so one might go on with many other things which were once American practices, but have been utterly abandoned. The fact is, that the Americans are the most reasonable and teachable people in the world. Prove to an Englishman that he is wrong, and he will cling to his mistake more closely than before. Prove to the Americans that they are wrong, and the whole people will, as if they were one man, readily abandon their mistake."

VENICE, since her liberation, has made notable improvement in all things. Her trade has increased from \$32,000,000 in 1866, to \$45,500,000 in 1868, and her tonnage by 72,000 tons, while associations are being formed to organize direct communication with foreign countries, which has hitherto been mainly conducted via Trieste. A line of steamers has been opened to Alexandria, and a Technical College of Commerce is about to be opened to teach languages, banking, book keeping, exchange, and commercial law. The work of primary education is being pressed on, 10,000 children having entered the schools in 1867, or about one in every two, and co-operative stores are springing up on every hand. Those stores ought to suit the Italians everywhere, for they are born economists, do not care about time, and would at any time walk a mile to save the actual expenditure of a cent.

To the Tax-Payers and Producers of the United States.

THE Presidential Campaign is over, and the interests of the people—who perform the labors, increase the capital, pay the taxes and support the Government—are still the same. While ready to meet public obligations, pay fair expenses, and sustain needed public improvement, the people have a fair claim that their public servants shall use decent economy, and promptly attend to all legislation needed for the better systematizing and more thorough conduct of public affairs.

A year ago the delegates to the National Manufacturers' Convention at Cleveland, Ohio, chose a committee to visit Washington, and ask Congress to adopt certain measures important to the common good. These were: The reduction and simplifying of taxation; the decrease of Government expenses; and the purifying of the official service of the United States. The two first objects were partially obtained by prompt and patriotic action of Congress, the last remains as it was—in the hands of a corrupt Executive.

With the opening of the coming session of Congress, the completion of these vitally important measures should come up for early and thorough action. A new Tax Bill, aiming to simplify and improve our internal revenue system, and to reduce taxation, was partly adopted last winter, and thus relief, greatly needed, was given to our useful industries. That bill should be finished and passed, and our tax system thus made complete.

The "Civil Service Bill" of Hon. T. A. Jencks, introduced late in the last session, was laid over. It is of great importance, and its passage has been thronged by able business men, irrespective of party, in different parts of the country. The demoralization of our official service, growing out of the rapid and unexplained gain of wealth by high officials, is no longer covered by the flimsy pretense that such gains are honest. This matter has grown to such vast proportions as to demand the serious attention of the people. This bill strikes at the root of this corruption, and will be of more benefit to the country than all other legislation combined, of any one Congress, as it will save millions yearly to the treasury, and help raise the standard of official honor and character to a height worthy the dignity of a great and free republic. Under its provisions, while public services will not be ignored, or recommendations from fit persons be without weight, they will not stand in the way of fitness, but will open the way for thorough examination of all applicants for place. Surely it should be made a law, with no day lost in needless delay.

While Government expenses have been reduced, that reduction has not been what it should be, as the deficiency bills to be presented to the coming Congress will fully prove. The army has nearly twice the officers needed for the rank and file—the most costly as well as ornamental part of the service—and the question is: Will the people be taxed millions for their support? The navy is loaded with an official retinue, relatively larger even than the army, and quite as useless. There are too many superfluous officials at Washington and in the navy yards, whose principal business is to draw their monthly pay; and ships are still kept in commission with no other apparent object than spending millions of our coin abroad that had far better be kept to reduce our debt. The disgraceful squanderings of the Navy Department in years past, owing to the incompetence of its chief officers, will remain a blot on its history for all time. All we can now do is to remedy its present wastes, and it is the judgment of most competent men that the public good does not require an expense of over \$10,000,000 yearly in that branch of the service.

The departments at Washington, as well as the whole civil service, need reorganization, and the dismissal of thousands of needless and half-worked political officials. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars are yearly paid for extra clerk hire, all of which should be saved, and those under regular pay required to do the work or be dismissed. Fewer men, competent and reliable, even with better pay, would cost less than many drones. The Indian Department, full of waste and corruption, should be handed over to the War Department, in which officers are held closely accountable for funds in their hands.

The great temptation offered to speculators by land treaties with Indians, makes it important that all lands acquired by treaty should be sold only in the public land offices, and not in large tracts. Thus a great and dangerous source of secret corruption would end. Public interest and public opinion are opposed to further Government subsidies to railroads, beyond land-grants carefully given in the regions traversed by the roads, as such subsidies open great temptations for corrupt legislation, and because we must pay our debt, justice coming before generosity.

The vast frauds exposed in the recent elections, demand the passage of a law requiring naturalization papers to be issued only by the United States Courts, under a new and efficient system; and that all violations of law, in such cases, be tried only by these Courts. There are many judicial districts apparently organized to accommodate hungry politicians. Some twenty-five of these, costing yearly over \$2,000 each, and, in which that cost exceeds the business done, should be merged in other districts. The judiciary has been, and is, greatly embarrassed by the incapacity of decrepit and superannuated judges, who would gladly retire did Government make any provision for their support. A law is imperatively demanded allowing such to retire on a suitable salary.

The wasteful and extravagant appropriations for Custom Houses and Hospitals, should be largely reduced. The interest on the cost of our Marine Hospitals would more than support all our invalid sailors.

Our yearly imports largely exceeding our exports, the difference being made up in coin, or bonds, sent abroad, Congress should early adopt measures to turn the balance of trade in our favor, as a long continuance of its present condition must surely lead to humiliating financial embarrassments.

Could all these economic measures be adopted, our expenses would be so reduced, that the import duties, the taxes on spirits and tobacco, stamp taxes and licenses, would pay all the expenses of the Government, interest on the debt, and pensions, and leave a handsome surplus as a sinking fund to pay the National bonds.

It has been made matter of commendation, that our expenses are no greater than in the days of Buchanan, but we should rather blush for shame that they are as large as they were under an administration corrupt beyond precedent.

Let the party in power bring the relative expenses and the character of the Government up to the standard of the days of John Quincy Adams—when not a dollar was lost for four years by fraud or maladministration—and a grateful public will rejoice, that power, courage, and patriotism combined, can crush the terrible corruption which will, unless checked, annihilate every element of value in this republican Government.

Any legislation that will encourage our home industry, or tend to lessen the national wants for political office, will be gratefully received by all. Thousands of able-bodied men spend years in vain efforts to obtain office, who would be valuable members of society in some industrious calling.

If the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the expenses of the fiscal year ending June, 1869, exceed the probable receipts, there must be error in his estimates, or wholly needless extravagance, as the reduction of appropriations by Congress keep pace with the reduction of taxes.

If the people expect any or all of these measures to be carried through, they must themselves make due efforts.

Letters, and numerous signed petitions to our National Legislature, are the most potent means for reforming abuses and making improvements, and no men have more profound respect for the wishes of the people than those who need votes to retain their places. Let the members of Congress do their whole duty, and a discriminating public will keep them in place so long as they thus earn and deserve public confidence.

JOHN S. NEWBERRY, President.
E. B. WARD, Chairman Committee National Manufacturers' Association.
[Countersigned by all of Frank Leslie's Publications.]

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

It is seldom we have to chronicle a *début* in this country, by a new artist, who is yet young, with so much pleasure, as we feel in recording the success of Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

In the present dearth of legitimate histrionic talent, it is, and should be refreshing to the honest critic, to welcome the presence of any new-comer upon the boards who justifies the historical name—dramatically speaking—which she bears, by the actual evidence she gives of possessing the highest order of talent, and, possibly, for we will not say it positively, of genius.

We have seen Mrs. Siddons in only two characters. These were both Shakespearean ones—*Rosalind* and *Juliet*.

Of these, at present, we prefer her *Rosalind*, although for very many years, we have seen no *Juliet* which can fairly be ranked with her rendition of the part of Shakespeare's saddest and most touchingly passionate heroine. The look, the grace, the womanly timidity wedded with aplomb, and the delicate euphony of voice, all combine to render her *Rosalind* a truly delicious

portrait of the daughter of the banished Duke, who masquerades in the green-wood with no sufficient reason for so doing, that the spectators of readers of "As You Like It" wot of, save her own pleasant caprice, and the fact that her creator used her as the potter does a piece of clay, to weld it into his own pleasantly beautiful and ingenious fancies. It may be that we are disposed to overrate the *Rosalind* of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. We own that we do not think we are, because we have always been disposed to class it as one of the most originally and unaptly real characters which Shakespeare ever drew with his immortal pen. *Juliet*, *Cordelia*, *Imogen*, *Lady Anne*, *Desdemona*, *Celia*, *Emilia*, *Ophelia*, even *Gertrude*, *Regan* and the *Witch of Macbeth*, all have more or less of nature in them. But the reality of *Rosalind* is not the reality of nature. Had any other writer of the same epoch tried his hand upon her, he would have made her a wanton. Had a modern dramatist done so, he would simply have made her a burlesque heroine. Ellen Tree, in her best days—before she became Mrs. Charles Keane—was the only *Rosalind* we had ever seen. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, with all her faults, and she has some, if not many, is the second we have ever seen.

Let us, therefore, be thankful, not only that we have seen her in the character, but that, liberally sprinkled as our hair and beard are with gray, we can relish one of the most poetically wild of the creations fashioned for us by the pen of Shakespeare.

We are unable to compliment the general rendering of the two plays, as highly as we do the lady for whom they were placed upon the stage at the New York Theatre. With the exception of Mr. Mason, another member of the Kemble family, Mr. Davidge and possibly of Mr. Harkins, few of the artists employed, deemed it necessary even passably to know their parts. Such is the result of the Sensational Drama, interspersed with a few weeks of the Legitimate, here and there. The same weakness was visible in the support of Edwin Forrest at Niblo's Garden. Mrs. Scott-Siddons suffers in worthy company, which, it may be presumed, will prove a trifling compensation under the infliction recently imposed upon her.

Greatly to our regret, we go to press before the time at which we may see John Brougham's new Irish drama, "The Emerald Ring." When it is remembered that this is written for Barney Williams and his charming wife, and will be produced under their own direction at their own theatre, with all that completeness and care which has characterized their management, hitherto, we unhesitatingly recommend it to the special attention of our readers. It will be the principal attraction they give us in their own too brief season.

ART GOSSIP.

THE several portraits contributed by Mr. Page to the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, are all marked by certain eccentricities of manipulation peculiar to that artist. One of the most pleasing among them is a cabinet picture of Colonel Lowell and wife (275). The figures in this composition are full length, and posed with much natural ease. But the key in which the artist has worked is altogether too low for the production of lifelike effect, and we seem to be looking at the scene through a hazy medium of some kind. Portrait of a lady, 280, by the same artist, is full of expression and character, though, like all of Mr. Page's later works, it reveals too much of the work by which it has been produced. Take No. 289, for instance, portrait of Mr. R. B. Minton. Undoubtedly strong as a likeness, the excessive stippling by which tones and flesh-tints have been wrought out, is, nevertheless, fatiguing to the eye, suggesting, as it does, the idea of more work than was necessary to the accomplishment of a given object.

A very clever portrait is that of an old gentleman, 189, painted by Mr. J. O. Eaton. It is full of truth and character, and painted with a firm and free pencil.

And, for small cabinet portraits, one of the best in the exhibition, perhaps, is that of Professor Morse, 141, from the pencil of Madame Adele Bassie.

A sketchy but clever picture is the one numbered 126, "Habitant Harnessmaker, Lower Canada." This is the work of Mr. Gilbert Burling, who spent some months of the past summer among the primitive and picturesque dwellers of that region. The character of both figures in this composition has been well seized, and it is painted in a vigorous manner.

"The Bearer of Dispatches," 57, by Mr. John F. Weir, is a good example of the careful manner in which that artist paints. It represents the interior of a forge, in which a blacksmith is at work fashioning a horseshoe. A trooper watches the operation, the bridle on his arm suggesting the unseen horse outside. All the accessories of the forge in this picture are worked up with great fidelity and finish.

A curious picture, better in movement than in color, is one entitled "Give us this Day our Daily Bread," 228, by Mr. A. Mero. The scene appears to be somewhere out on Lexington avenue. Snow is on the ground, and a great number of laborers are seen working in various ways. Work appears to be the idea of the picture, and its merit lies in the reality of the familiar scene.

We shall return to this exhibition in future numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The chromo-lithograph is enjoying a sustained popularity, and has doubtless a beneficial influence upon popular taste. Among the most successful workers in this branch are Messrs. Fabronius, Gurney & Son. "Mischievous Pets," published by them some time since, after a picture by John Carter, was an excellent reproduction of an amusing bit of animal life and character. Since the production of that chromo, the same firm have issued two others. One of these, entitled "God's Acre," is from a picture painted by Miss Emma Osborn, an English artist of note. It represents two small girls, visiting a burial-ground during a snow-storm, and is full of tenderness and pathetic feeling. The other, "Autumn Fruits," is from a painting by W. M. Brown. The color obtained here by the chromo process is very rich and glowing, and the textures of the several fruits are rendered with much truth.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THERE has been quite a political lull in the metropolis, the town being comparatively empty, and the only incidents being the elections. The programmes of all the political candidates are now issued, and the speeches and placards have made their appearance. Some of the candidates have endured considerable cross-questioning on various subjects, especially the Irish Church, and the "rights" or "property of married women;" that is, the possibility of their holding a separate estate from their husbands, as the lawyers term it. Odgers, the only workingman who appeared as candidate for Chelsea, has had his claims referred to a committee of three—one of whom is T. Hughes, who has left Lambeth to contest Frome. Odgers has been invited to retire in favor of Sir H. Hoare, so that the "workingman" the pet idol of the Commons, will not be seen in that sanctuary, if he is to be found in others. In a country like this, there is absolutely no chance for such a candidate, as the "paste brush" and the "tap" are vital instruments of success amidst the Electoral body. Some poor members, indeed, get their election expenses subscribed for; but it is an exception to a rule almost general, and does not find much favor in the eyes of constituents. As a whole, there is no rising

talent visible in any of the new candidates, and the future Parliaments will be composed of elements very like the last. To a poor man England is a country without a career, and is likely so to remain for a long time yet.

There have been two important deaths. First, that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which gives an important piece of patronage to the Premier; but the choice is embarrassing, as the Church is in a particular condition, and distracted between the High Church and the Evangelical parties. The Primary cannot be reinforced from either, without danger of disruption. At the same time, something must be done toward an improved discipline, as the very laxity is increasing the feud, and some of the inferior clergy hold the bishops at defiance. Sooner or later, the State must pronounce on the subject. Many of the clergy are weary of the connection between Church and State, and would willingly see the bond dissolved. The late archbishop, a mild, amiable and gentlemanly prelate, managed to keep affairs in *status quo*. It is more than a question if such a condition can be longer maintained.

The other death is that of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. She was a strong Abolitionist, and is known to your public from her connection with Mrs. Beecher Stowe. In the early days of the present reign she was a beauty, and so far of political importance that Peel demanded her removal from the entrance of the Queen, as of something that thwarted his political action. But of late years she had lost the charms of beauty, and had too much embosomment. She had contrived to marry all her daughters to dukes, actual or expectant, so that the dual estate will be preserved for the next generation. It must be premised that the estates of the Sutherlands are immense, and the expenditure also. The wardrobe of the late dowager, when the dysmore of fashion, rivaled that of Elizabeth, and a new dress was arrayed or extemporized for each day.

The reception of Reverdy Johnson at Liverpool has been all that could be desired—the British ensign dipped, and a magnificent banquet, attended by leaders of both political factions. After dinner came some post-prandial revelations. The naturalization question, as it appears, agreed upon; so is the San Juan Island, one which had been quite a "Kriegsherr." The Alabama claims were also in a way of being decided; apparently referred to arbitration. It seems as if all outstanding difficulties could be tidied over, if only a reasonable spirit of giving or taking pervaded both parties. The only difficulty about naturalized citizens was caused by the Fenian outbreak. The American citizen proper has always been duly respected and appreciated here, and gives less trouble than any other nationality that visits British shores. Some day there will be a yearning for a closer union of the two countries, and, "One united flag, one tongue, one race" may turn up as the cry of the future, should the state of continental politics ever seriously endanger British independence and existence. To be on good terms with America is a political necessity.

Ireland is, on the whole, tranquil, and the Church, as by law established, will, no doubt, by law be encircled. It is doubtful if that will pacify Ireland. The Land Tenure is a much more serious question. There are, according to one writer, 8,000 landlords, and 600,000 tenants without a lease. The movement for repeal, although ostensibly limited to the Roman Catholics, is fostered also by the Orangemen, who think repeal would secure Orange ascendancy. A third and influential party is for the Union, and against repeal of the Union. But it is not possible to govern Ireland for ever, as it has been the last three years, with the Habeas Corpus suspended. Something must be done to restore confidence on both sides—a policy of inaction leads nowhere.

Spain will end in a Constitutional Monarchy. Democracy has not taken deep root in Spain, and France is hostile to Democracy—it would convulse France; but the difficulty is, to obtain a constitutional sovereign. Most princes are tired of the farce. A perpetual president might be extemporized, if the aristocracy and priests were not so strong; but Spain can only set up "to her lights," and those glimmer for a royal personage and court. In the meantime, the Janias and Provisional Government have abolished many laws, and the whole is put on a new footing, which will assure Spain independence, if it only can be maintained. These changes in the least advanced government of all Europe, create considerable sensation here, and receive the moral support of the English Press. The events of Spain, the proceedings of the Provisional Government, and of the Democratic Spanish party, are the chief subjects of the telegrams. All other matters are of inferior interest. France is quiet, and there is no immediate danger to the peace of Europe.

The dissolution takes place on November 11th; after that the elections. No successor will be named to the Archbishopric of Canterbury till after the elections, as filling up the post before would influence the county constituencies. The Queen is said to be in favor of Dr. Wellesley, the Dean of Windsor, but some one will probably be taken from the ranks of existing prelates.

The compensation for the Alabama claims will, no doubt, be ultimately paid, after referring the question, in the first instance, to arbitration.

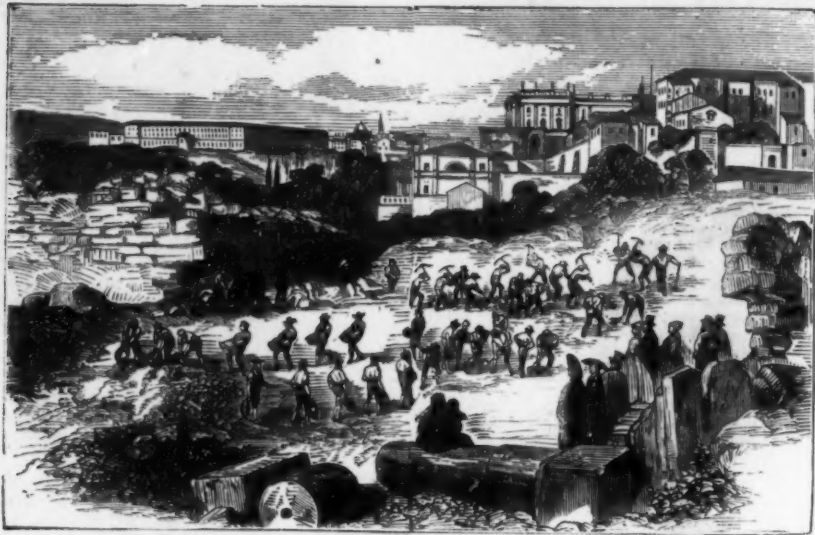
Although everything for the moment augurs peace, and the declarations of Reverdy Johnson and Disraeli have been attended with the best effect, the state of France is not particularly reassuring. There is a general feeling that the present regime cannot last. The Emperor, since the Mexican failure, and the Prussian success, appears to have lost his self-confidence, and to be in a perpetual state of mental oscillation. Rouher is looked upon as the hand that guides the affairs of State, and as the real master of the situation. Prince Napoleon is reported to have said, "The French have made two mistakes; first, they took my cousin for a fool—they were mistaken; then they took him for a genius—they were mistaken again." In the meantime the peace of Europe is maintained, and, to hear the diplomatists, it might be imagined the millennium was at hand. But it is winter, and the vast European hosts must be disbanded for the moment.

The winter has set in cold here, and much distress, and some trouble, in the way of robberies and crimes, are expected, owing to the numbers out of work, and the reduction of the public establishments. Some works are still going on, such as the Holborn viaduct, which proceeds at a very slow rate, and which, in its unfinished condition, is a great drawback to the main line of city communication. The New Blackfriars Bridge is to be opened on the Queen's birthday, in May, next year. The Bridge will then be a century, and the Queen fifty years, old. The Queen is expected to open it in person, and inaugurate the structure. The remaining part of the Thames embankment is in hand, but will take some time to finish; till then it is of little use, except as an elegant boulevard at the side of the river, which is now visible to all who choose to perambulate the embankment.

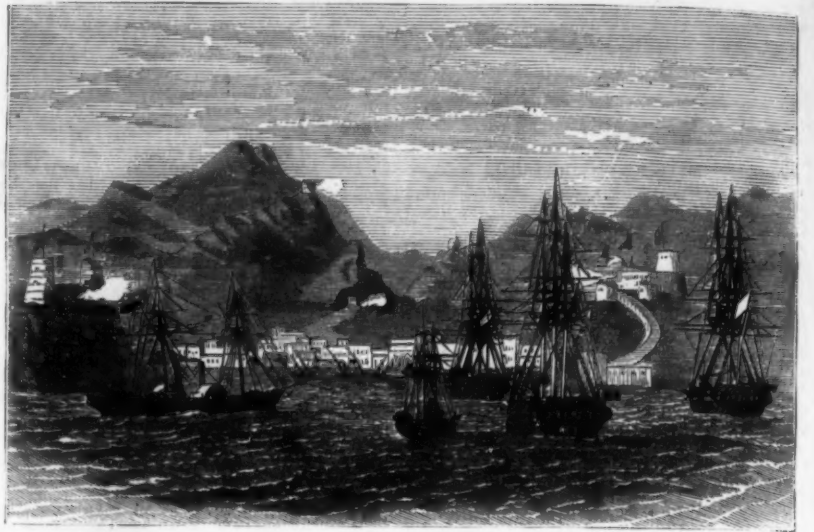
GIPSIES IN SPAIN.

THE engraving on our front page is taken from a photograph of a group of Gipsies enjoying their *deceitful* nights in the shadow of the walls of the Alhambra. The artistic studies of gipsy life—paintings and drawings more or less the creations of a fertile imagination and a skilful hand—are numerous enough. They generally surround the Gitanos with all that is romantic and picturesque. But here we have the "Simon-pure," pictured by the unerring and unfaltering pencil of the sun. Even under these circumstances, there is something of grace and Oriental charm in the grouping of these vagabonds, and in the Moorish attributes of the locality.

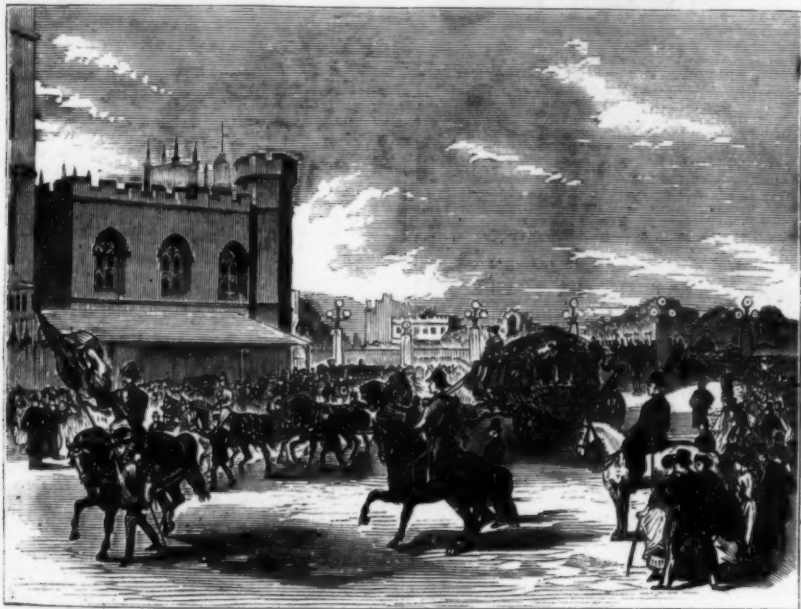
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 213.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—DEMOLITION OF THE OLD CITY WALLS, MADRID.



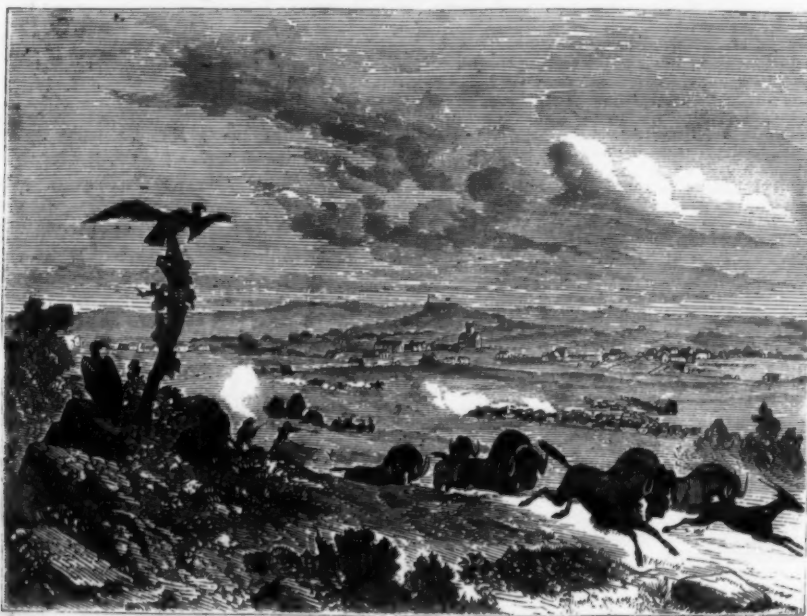
BOMBARDMENT OF MUSCAT, ON THE COAST OF ARABIA, BY THE SULTAN.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY, LONDON—THE PROCESSION ENTERING PALACE YARD.



SALE, AT CHELSEA, ENGLAND, OF VAGRANT DOGS SEIZED BY THE POLICE.



BLOEM FONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA.



SESSION OF THE COUNCIL OF FRENCH MINISTERS, AT ST. CLOUD, FRANCE—THE EMPEROR PRESIDING.



HIS HOLINESS THE POPE AT CIVITA VECCHIA.



SINGULAR RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL, NEAR MENTONE, ITALY.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

Revolution in Spain—Demolition of the Old City Walls, Madrid.

Several thousand men are now employed by the Provisional Government of Spain, for the purpose of removing the old walls about Madrid. Each man carries in one hand a little basket, filled, or only half filled, with earth or stone freshly dug from the ramparts, where some other men, wielding spades and pickaxes, lastly scrape away the materials of the ancient city fortifications. The part of the boulevard, shown in our illustration, is the Fortillo de Tilimon, at the back of the Royal Palace and Armory, which are seen on the right. The large square building on the left is the barracks of the Principe Pio; and still more to the left is the distant range of Guadarrama mountains.

Lord Mayor's Day, London—The Procession Entering Palace Yard.

The Lord Mayor's Show, on Monday, November 9th, was marked by a revival of much of the old ceremonial splendor, and the streets on the route from Guildhall to Westminster were crowded by sight-seers. The old state-coach, blazing in gold, was once more brought out, and the popularity of the demonstration was shown by the reception which was awarded to the new Lord Mayor along the entire line of route.

Bloem Fontein, Orange Free State, South Africa.

The town of Bloem Fontein is the chief town of the Orange Free State, in the interior of South Africa, and was taken possession of in 1848 by officers of the British Government. At a subsequent period the authority of Great Britain was withdrawn; but the inhabitants, who had expended large sums of money in improving their farms, remained, and, electing a President and Council, chose for their country the name of the Orange Free State. Our engraving shows the portion of country lying between the Vaal and Orange rivers.

His Holiness the Pope at Civita Vecchia, Italy.

His Holiness the Pope paid a visit to Civita Vecchia, Italy, on Monday, October 26th, making his appearance at the Roman terminus shortly after seven o'clock in the morning. He was received by Cardinals Reisch, Guidi, and Juaglie; the Ministers of Commerce, Police, and War, and a host of civil and military dignitaries, and was driven into the town between files of French and Papal troops. After alighting at the Cathedral to impart his sacramental benediction to the large crowd that had there assembled, His Holiness proceeded to the Throne-room to receive the homage of the French and Pontifical officers, and the local authorities, all of whom were allowed the privilege of kissing his foot. At one o'clock the Pope entertained a distinguished party at a bountiful collation, and at its close, he was re-conducted to the station, where he again bestowed his blessing on the populace, and then entered the special Pontifical train for his homeward trip.



THE POTTS MEMORIAL CHURCH, MORRISANIA, WESTCHESTER COUNTY, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 220.

Bombardment of Muscat, on the Coast of Arabia, by the Sultan.

The British cruisers in the Persian Gulf have lately been engaged in punishing some of the piratical ships and tribes on the Arabian coast; but the conflict between the Imam, or Sultan of Muscat, and his revolted subjects, who have seized the town, has also called for the presence of two British vessels of war to prevent any outrage upon British subjects. On September 30th, these vessels were dispatched to the town, where they found that the Imam had escaped to a fort, from which he had kept up a steady bombardment at his enemy within the town. Up to the latest intelligence the insurgents held possession of the town, and the same was very doubtful.



HON. ANTHONY L. ROBERTSON, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, N. Y.—FROM A PHOT. BY M. B. BRADY.—SEE PAGE 220.

Sale, at Chelsea, England, of Vagrant Dogs, Seized by the Police.

Some months ago we gave an illustration of the Home for Lost and Stray Dogs, at Islington, England, and our present engraving of the annual auction sale of stray dogs at Chelsea, shows one of the methods by which the canine beneficiary is supported. By a street law passed in 1867, all dogs found running unmuzzled about the streets were to be seized, and after a certain period sold at public auction, the proceeds invariably accruing to the Dog Home. The auctions are attended principally by sporting men and dog fanciers, and the bidding is neither high nor exciting.

Session of the Ministers of France, at Saint-Cloud—The Emperor Presiding.

Upon his return from Biarritz, the Emperor Napoleon presided over a grand council of the Ministers, which created much interest in the political world. It was announced that very important resolutions, as yet secret, were adopted at this council. Our engraving represents the deliberative body in session, those present being: the Emperor, the Empress, M. Rouher, M. Dury, Admiral Rigaud de Genouilly, M. Baroche, Marshal Vaillant, Marshal Niel, M. de Forcade la Roquette, M. Vuitry, M. de Moustier, and M. Magne.

Singular Religious Festival near Mentone, Italy.

The village of Mentone commands the way to Peglia, an ancient Roman camp and station on the northern slope of the Maritime Alps. In September last, a curious church ceremony was observed in the principal church, where a large assembly had congregated for prayers and devotions. Men and boys wore red and blue-colored favors; women had bits of flowers jauntily and gracefully stuck in their hair; officials had their emblems of authority; all were looking out for something more attractive than the doings at the altar. In a few moments a youth appeared bearing a rusty sword, on the point of which was an apple studded with gold coin. The lad was followed by two sturdy men, armed with clumsy halberds, with floating streamers, and on the iron heads of each hung four cocks, which kept up an incessant crowing. Then the musicians, with flute, violin, horn and



THE LATE GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.—SEE PAGE 214.

double-bass, entered, and took seats close by the altar. After the performance of a lively tune, the minister delivered his sermon, and at its conclusion three priests descended to the altar-rails; the dean held out a crucifix; up came the mayor; he kissed the image of the Saviour, dropped his alms, and, with a bow, retired. The procession, organized during the latter part of the service, was now joined by the priests, and moved out of the church. It consisted of men, women, and children, decorated with scarfs, or with tokens of fraternal associations.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI.

THE great Rossini died in Paris at the age of seventy-six. He was a man of prodigious genius, a man also of prodigious indolence. God gave him the greatest talent vouchsafed to any lyric composer of this generation, and for thirty-eight years he has hid that talent and denied the world any fruits therefrom. He was a gormand and a voluptuary. His years were spent in ministering to his own vanity and his own bodily comfort, mostly to that of his palate. When he was young and poor he worked, never consecutively or faithfully, but mostly on emergencies. Having an opera to compose, and six weeks in which to compose it, he passed four of them in idleness, and then, by the aid of his fertile genius, did the work in the remaining two. His ideas flowed with an astonishing rapidity. He asked only for pen, paper, and a fit libretto, and these before him, never hesitated for a moment as to what he should write. He would compose in bed, and so incredible was his laziness, and so great the fertility of his invention, that when a fine duet that he was writing, and had almost finished, slipped off the bed and beyond his reach, rather than get up for it, he took another sheet and composed another duet entirely different from the first. At the age of thirty-five, at the very crown of his life, and in the ripeness and fullness of his great powers, he suddenly broke off work, threw down his pen, and gave himself up to idleness and ease.

Up to this time he had composed thirty-eight operas and some minor works. Most of them have fallen into oblivion; the names only are remembered. The unpublished scores are in the libraries of the opera-houses scattered over Italy.

The lack in Ros-

sini's character was conscience. He was not only not conscientious in what he did, but he was not even serious for the most part. As the "Barber of Seville" called for neither conscientiousness nor seriousness, only for genius in musical composition, he was in it absolutely successful. It stands first and foremost of all the comic operas ever written. As the "Stabat Mater"—most touching, sad, and beautiful of the noble hymns of the Roman Church—called for deep solemnity of feeling, and a devotional and conscientious treatment in accordance with the religious feeling that pervades the words, and as Rossini had not these to give, we find the emotions of the Virgin Mother at the foot of the cross expressed in strains of meretricious beauty perfectly at variance with the spirit of the text. The Madonna is simply theatrical, a stage Madonna tricked out with half serious arias and concerted pieces. Rossini himself was ashamed subsequently of his own levity. We are not denying the beauty of the music; that, of course, is beyond question. We refer to it simply to illustrate our conviction that the composer did not usually work seriously, or in a manner to entitle him to the highest place in the temple of fame, which, had he chosen, he might have won. Sometimes, however, he threw his real soul into his work. In "William Tell," his last opera, he fairly showed that great things were possible to him, and serious things. Alas for the lovers of music, and for his own reputation with posterity, that, having once risen to this height, he should have thrown himself down in supine sloth, and that the world should have at last to confess that in his death it met no loss.

ANECDOTES OF ROSSINI.

FROM A MASS OF REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES OF ROSSINI IN THE ENGLISH PAPERS, WE CULL THE FOLLOWING:

AT HOME.

An English correspondent writes: "He was a curious and very amusing man, Rossini, setting aside his great genius. I think the last time I saw him he was in his dressing-room; on his head his oldest wig; on his back his oldest coat—a green 'cut away.' He received us like a king, and ate more *minestrone* and eggs than I should have thought even an Italian could have consumed in the brief period. A well-known English musician was present at the meal, and, indeed, assist-

ed the maestro, who kept calling him 'Quel bravo, quel bravo!' Ah, the charming evenings which we used to have in those salons over the Café Foy! There I have heard Alboni, Patti, Nilsson, the Marchisio; but it is all over. The rooms are closed, and the curtains have fallen over those scenes of private opera and cabinet melody."

THE STABAT MATER.

Rossini was some forty years ago in Madrid, and was received like a king by an archbishop, who lodged him in his palace, and treated him as a superior being. When the maestro was going away, he said, "Most illustrious and most reverend of the regents of heaven, what can I do to prove my gratitude for your hospitality?" The priest pondered: "One thing you, and you alone, can do for me—write me a service." "Impossible," replied the composer of "Il Barbiere." "With



REV. ARTHUR POTTS, PASTOR MEMORIAL CHURCH, MORRISANIA.—SEE PAGE 220.

the memory of Pergolesi before me, I cannot touch sacred music." He was over-persuaded, however, and in a few hours returned with the manuscript of the "Stabat Mater." Years elapsed, and the good priest died, and went, let us hope, to that place which, if every priest goes there, as he ought, must be very crowded. In looking over his papers the executors found this manuscript, and took it at once to a Paris publisher to see if it was worth anything. "Worth anything!" exclaimed M. X.; "why, it is an original composition of Rossini's, and here is his signature." So he bought it and advertised it. Rossini saw the notice, and sent a lawyer to the publisher to threaten an action for defamation of character. "But it is his," said the publisher, in answer to the declaration that Rossini had never written such a composition. "I have the manuscript in his own writing." Then came Rossini, and said, "Ah, yes, I see it is

mine; please give me the rights of the author." On being asked by a friend of mine if this was true, Rossini said: "Yes, I quite forgot it; you cannot remember all the foolish acts of your youth."

WILLIAM TELL.

Rossini's retirement has been accounted for by the hypothesis that he was perfectly contented with "William Tell," and convinced that his genius could produce nothing finer. Heine seems to have thought that Rossini had really exhausted himself. At least he ridicules, in one of his letters from Paris, the idea of a composer's saying that he will not compose. "He must compose," argues Heine, "if there is any inspiration in him, just as a windmill must go round if there is any wind." Perhaps the most remarkable part of the affair is the fact that Rossini had signed an agreement binding him to write three grand operas for the Académie, for which he was to receive 60,000 francs, in annual payments of 10,000 francs each, and that he decided, immediately after the production of "William Tell," to return to the two other librettos which M. Scribe had prepared for him, and which was certainly superior to the "book" he had just set. One of the two rejected librettos was "Gustave III.," afterward entrusted to Auber; the other, "Le Duc d'Albe," on which Donizetti was working almost up to the time of his death. It has been observed that Rossini wrote his last work for the theatre at that seemingly critical age—between thirty and forty—when so many of his immediate predecessors and followers (Mozart, Cimarosa, Weber, Herold, Bellini, and Mendelssohn) ceased to live.

MENDELSBOHN'S DESCRIPTION OF ROSSINI.

Mendelssohn, writing from Frankfurt in July, 1836, describing a visit to Ferdinand Hiller, says: "Early yesterday I went to see him, and whom should I find sitting there but Rossini, as large as life, in his best and most amiable mood. I really know few men who can be so amusing and witty as he, when he chooses; he kept us laughing incessantly the whole time. I promised that the St. Cecilia Association should sing for him the B minor Mass, and some other things of Sebastian Bach's. It will be quite too charming to see Rossini obliged to admire Sebastian Bach; he thinks, however, 'different countries, different customs,' and is resolved to bowl with the wolves. He says he is enchanted with Germany, and when he once gets the list of wines at the Rhine Hotel in the evening, the waiter is obliged to show him his room, or he could never manage to find it. He relates the most laughable and amusing things about Paris and all the museums there, as well as of himself and his compositions, and entertains the most profound respect for all the men of the present day—so that you might really believe him, if you had no eyes to see his sarcastic face. Intellect, and animation, and wit, sparkle in all his features and in every word, and those who do not consider him a genius, ought to hear him expatiating in this way, and they would change their opinion."

A CITY STORY.

In the dark of the sleeping city,
In the shade of the arches low,
Crouches a form from the pitiless storm,
A lad they have called "Poor Joe"!

There is hunger writ in his eye;
By the faint, uncertain light,
In each seething thread the tale is read
Of that face so wan and white.

In the glare of the golden city,
Under the gas-jets gay,
With a proud surprise in her beautiful eyes,
My lady rides on her way.

There is glimmer of gold and jewel
On her arm so roundly fair;
There is shimmer of pearl thro' the clustering curl,
That falls from her braided hair.

There are strains in the list'ning city,
And the bravos ring around,
But my lady sits as the evening flits,
And hears not a voice or sound.

For her heart is as deeply dreaming
Of the arches dark and cold,
As the beggar there, in the fetid air,
Dreams of the shining gold!

See how they crouch together—
The lady fair and the tramp—
Down the wretched lane to that crypt, again,
Where the dead forms waste in damp!

In fear lest the stars should see her,
In fear lest the stones should rise,
And the beggar stares, as my lady glares,
With that wild light in her eyes!

How when the morrow found her
Dead, stone dead, at his gate!
Oh, sadder by far than the "Arab's" are
Were the tears that fell too late!

VIEGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

XXVI.

Two days afterward I received the following letter from Langlade, informing me of the events that had occurred in the chateau since my departure:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE—In accordance with your wishes detailed in your letter, I have visited the chateau. In my ignorance of the facts which have brought about the grave determination you have come to, I think it my duty to give you a minute account of my visit, and of other circumstances which I think may interest you.

"On my way there, while passing the parsonage, I saw the Abbé Berbrant. I stopped to shake hands with him. He guessed that I was about to visit the chateau at your solicitation, and told me that he had seen Madame the Countess that morning. I thought that he could, perhaps, give me some information that might be useful to me in my intended visit. Besides our very friendly relations produced by our respective professions, we often find ourselves the co-possessors of important family secrets; (was it not he who knew the secret of Madame de Chazol's birth?) we,

therefore, do not hesitate to trust each other when benefit may arise from such a confidence.

"I entered his house, and he showed me at once that he was perfectly well acquainted with the motives of your departure. I did not then conceal from him the nature of the mission with which you have entrusted me, and I questioned him to know if, after his interviews with Madame de Chazol, something might not have transpired which might modify my instructions, or, at least, give them a less definite character.

"From his answers to me, it was easy to see that he understood thoroughly the motives that had brought about such a serious resolution.

"All this is very much to be regretted," said he; "Monsieur de Chazol, I fear, is too proud to bring about a reconciliation, now that matters have gone so far. On the other side, with respect to this unfortunate young woman, who is only half a Christian, and who, in consequence of the strange education she has received, possesses such peculiar ideas, based on such strange notions of life, I almost despair of making her comprehend the truth. Still, I cannot help believing that she has submitted to the fatal influence which that villain who passes for her father possesses over her."

"What! I exclaimed; 'is he still here? Has he dared to call at the chateau?'"

"No," returned the abbé, "but I am almost certain he is in constant communication with her."

"Do you suppose he holds her by some threat?" I asked.

"He is too smart to have recourse to such means," replied the curé. "His ascendancy is on a surer basis than that. I cannot tell you its exact nature," he added, in a tone of reserve; "I only know that the superstitions of the heathen race from which La Mariasse was descended, are mixed up with it."

"I give these details minutely, Monsieur le Comte, because they may be very important in your eyes, especially as regards that great scoundrel, Marulas, who, in all probability, is playing a part in this affair. The very restrictions the curé imposes on himself, confirm me in this opinion."

"I pressed him with questions.

"Ask nothing further, my dear Langlade," he replied, "for I am not allowed to answer you. What I keep back appertains to a priest's conscience. Although this unfortunate dissension has reached such an advanced stage, still I think it better not to conceal the terrible consequences that must result from it. It may be, that when results of such a frightful determination are seen to be irreparable, and that they will involve a lifetime, those interested may pause before proceeding to extremities. If there be still a hope left, everything should be attempted before action is taken which will render a reconciliation more difficult."

"A quarter of an hour later I reached the chateau. I noticed that all the shutters of the chief apartments were closed, and that only one of the rooms formerly occupied by your mother appeared to be inhabited.

"One of your servants, whom I asked to announce me, soon returned, and informed me that the *femme-de-chambre* had not found her mistress in the house, that, doubtless, she was in the park, and that the girl had gone to inform Madame de Chazol of my arrival at the chateau.

"He then led the way into the library, and, throwing open the shutters, left me. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and no one came.

"The valet at last returned. They had not found Madame la Comtesse in the gardens, and had gone to look for her in the woods.

"Supposing that this absence might be prolonged, I decided to write a note to Madame de Chazol, to inform her that I would await her return at the curé's house, and beg her to send word to me there.

"I entered your study; I knew that I could find writing materials; and, just as I had finished my note, I fancied I heard in the adjoining apartment, which I remembered was your sleeping-room, a kind of stifled groan.

"My first thought was that some accident had happened. Without hesitating a moment, I opened the door leading into the chamber, and entered.

"What is it? Who is there? What do you want?" said a voice.

"In the semi-obscure that reigned I recognized Madame de Chazol, who rose suddenly, and appeared irritated at being surprised in that apartment. Her face was very pale, her eyes red; my presence seemed to cause her much uneasiness.

"Whilst I was apologizing for my involuntary indiscretion, with a rapid gesture she reversed a picture placed on the table, and before which she had been sitting. She did this as if for the purpose of concealing it from me, but her action was so sudden, she broke the glass, and cut her hand with a piece of it.

"I ran forward to assist her.

"It is nothing!" she exclaimed—"nothing at all!"

"But the blood flowed freely. I drew her to the window and threw open the shutters, that I might examine the wound.

"Don't call any one," said she, quickly, "but come to my room."

"While speaking thus, she wrapped her hand in her handkerchief. I followed her, and rapidly crossing the library and corridor, we reached her apartment. I ordered her waiting-maid, who was terrified at the sight of the bloody handkerchief, to bring the medicine-chest.

"It is unnecessary," said the countess.

"But I played the part of a physician with some authority, and insisted, first on the necessity of stopping the bleeding, and then dressing the wound. She yielded with seeming indifference, and gave up her hand to me.

"I had to remove some pieces of glass that had remained in the wound. Although I must have

caused her great pain, Madame de Chazol remained impassible, without a single word of complaint.

"Her hand dressed, she thanked me in a few words, and, dismissing her servant, led me into her boudoir. All trace of emotion had disappeared from her face.

"I must apologize, my dear Monsieur Langlade," said she to me, in almost a gay tone, "for the trouble I have given you on account of my awkwardness, and especially for having made you wait so long whilst they were looking for me in the park, as Marietta tells me. I entered that apartment to get a book, and fell asleep while turning over the leaves."

"And for my part," I returned, "I hardly know what excuse to make for my indiscretion."

"It is too good of you to come and relieve my solitude," replied the countess, interrupting me; "there is not the slightest necessity for you to apologize. I should have regretted it very much had I been absent."

"These compliments were exchanged in an easy tone; still I saw they caused her some effort.

"My business with you, madame," I replied, "is too urgent for me to have left without seeing you."

"At these words she looked at me, and could not help blushing.

"I then revealed to her the delicate and confidential commission I had received from you, and I made her understand, according to your instructions, that it was optional with her to remain or to leave the chateau. She listened to me in silence, without a movement, without a gesture, and with the most impenetrable coldness. When I had finished, she said:

"Am I to understand that Monsieur the Comte de Chazol makes known through you his express will, or am I allowed to take the matter into consideration?"

"In accordance with my instructions, I informed her that she was at full liberty to decide as she pleased. I did not conceal from her, however, that the arrangements I proposed were such only as the law allowed, and were not of a character to be discussed either on your part or hers, since they were rights which no one could take away. There only remained, then, to decide on the more delicate question of the agreement you might both enter into, in order to conceal from the world a situation much to be regretted.

"She reflected a moment, visibly troubled, and at last replied, in a hesitating manner:

"I confess, my dear Monsieur Langlade, complete ignorance of these matters. Although you are here as the adviser of Monsieur de Chazol, and, necessarily, my adversary, I have too much confidence in your honor to call it in question for a single moment. I am, as you are aware, isolated, without family and without friends. Respect for the name I bear forbids me to have recourse to strangers to whom I could state the cause of a separation, which I judge it is Monsieur de Chazol's wish not to divulge, since he has even left you in ignorance of it. The only guide I might have is, alas! suspected." (In uttering these words she lowered her voice as if fearing to be heard.) "It is from you then, that I expect the truth, as to what this separation exacts from me. Ought I to abandon what you call my rights, in order to retain my own self-esteem?"

"I tried to make Madame de Chazol understand that she mistook my position, which extended no further than proposing an arrangement in a matter in which I could be neither adversary nor advocate; that I was notary to you both, with the same duties to each.

"This declaration of neutrality astonished her so perceptibly, that, recalling the curé's suspicions with respect to Marulas, I asked her frankly if some one had not tried to influence her against me.

"Who could have done so?" she asked, in a tone revealing some agitation.

"You spoke of advice that is suspected," I replied; "to my mind it looks very suspicious indeed."

"But how is it possible to accuse him of cupidity," she replied, with some pride, "when this separation will forcibly annul both for him and myself all the advantages of my marriage contract?"

"I could now no longer doubt but that some one had deceived Madame de Chazol with respect to the legal consequences of her separation. I thought it my duty to enlighten her on this point.

"Will you be good enough to inform me, madame, if it is Monsieur Marulas who has given you this information as to the consequences of the rupture between yourself and Monsieur de Chazol?"

"This direct question confused her very much. She reflected, and was silent a moment.

"Permit me to decline answering your question," said she, at last. "What matter from whom the information comes, if it be true?"

"On my honor, madame," I replied, quickly, "I assure you, it is of the utmost importance to yourself that you should answer this question."

"She looked at me as if terrified by these words, hesitated, and at last replied in a low tone: "Well, yes, it was he! What conclusion do you draw from it?"

"I conclude, madame," I replied, "that you have been falsely informed, for the pension of five thousand francs per annum, assured to Monsieur Marulas, cannot be withdrawn by Monsieur de Chazol, nor can the advantages which result to yourself by your contract be annulled by a separation. No one can contest your claim to them, nor can you even renounce them legally."

"While I was speaking Madame de Chazol manifested extreme surprise.

"But you are mistaken," she exclaimed; "what you say is not possible."

"It is the law, madame."

"The law! So," she returned, "this fortune belongs to me, in spite of our separation?"

"It is the law, madame; neither you nor Mon-

sieur de Chazol can break any of the clauses in the contract."

"Good God!" she exclaimed, thunderstruck; "this is terrible. But you wish to frighten me, do you not?—to obtain some concession from my weakness?"

"On account of the excitement with which she uttered these words I hesitated to reply. She had suddenly become so pale that I really felt afraid.

"Speak! speak!" said she, in a resolute tone. "I must know the truth. Tell me all!"

"It was my duty to inform Madame de Chazol with respect to her exact situation. After informing her of her rights under the contract, I then entered on the question of the thirty thousand livres which you charged me to pay over to her. Madame de Chazol listened to me in a state of mind resembling stupor. I at last concluded by stating your instructions relative to the residence she might choose for herself.

"After a momentary silence, with an exertion she forced herself to speak, and asked whether she could be allowed two days to consider the communication I had made to her. I acceded to her request, understanding that she wished to ask the Abbé Berbrant's advice.

"Just as I was taking leave of her, she stopped me.

"Could you let me see my marriage contract?" said she, "for I have not read it."

"It is at your disposition, madame," I replied, somewhat astonished at this request. "I will send it to you during the day."

"I now close my letter, Monsieur le Comte, the length of which you must excuse. Under the circumstances, I thought I ought to neglect nothing that might enlighten you. From the long conversation I had, I am certain that Marulas is mixed up in these affairs, and in his own interest too. In case of a rupture, which would leave Madame de Chazol isolated, it is doubtless his intention to take possession of her fortune for his own use. I submit it to your opinion."

XXVII.

ONCE more, Rene, this recital becomes a confession. I trust I have at last succeeded in listening to my reason. This return to myself has a salutary effect upon me, and compels me to sound the abyss into which I have fallen. I hope you will not imagine that I intend to allow myself to be entirely overthrown by this common misfortune, and that my life is at an end. It is only a crisis to pass through, and it seems to me that it is too violent to last long. What is this disaster, after all? A miserable deception on the part of a woman, one of those trials a man must submit to, laughing, when he is the victim of it, as I am. My energy, thank heaven, cannot be destroyed by such a blow. You see that I exactly understand my position. Let me then cry out while my wound is fresh.

You have already guessed that this digression is made for the purpose of mitigating a new avowal distressing to my pride. On receiving Langlade's letter, I felt myself avenged. Vergie loved me. How can it be doubted, after the scene you have read. Vergie in my chamber, weeping before a portrait. You have already guessed that this portrait was mine.

Who can now doubt, after reading this letter, the participation of Marulas in this terrible plot? Who can doubt but that he has acted on her mind by some infamous lies, and perhaps terrified her by threats? Do I not already know of the terror with which he inspired her? Of the ascendancy he had obtained over her exalted imagination, over that mind he had trained for evil, and which for years he had been preparing for this dark work of vengeance and hatred? It was easy to see the end this scoundrel had in view, by deceiving Vergie as to the real meaning of our marriage contract. Was it not evident that he feared she would refuse to be his accomplice in an action which would become vile by extorting from me thirty thousand livres per annum? Did it not at the same time show that it was he who was the instigator of this incredible machination? Vergie once my wife, he had nothing more to hope for, unless a rough reception, should he dare to present himself at Chazol. To separate her violently from me on the very day of our marriage would render all reconciliation impossible, and he would be able to enjoy her fortune, which she would not dare dispute with him.

I must confess that at the bottom of all this reasoning there was a secret feeling of pride, which sought to console itself. With Vergie haughty, contemptuous, triumphant after the infamy which made her Countess of Chazol, I should even in my own eyes play the part of dupe. But with Vergie a victim, persuaded by perfidious advice, my self-respect was safe. I was no longer mocked at by a creature whom I had adored, and to whom I had, stupidly given my name. She loved me! she suffered!

I confess, Rene, this is all madness on my part, but it is too human a feeling for you not to understand it. It is perfectly plain that it was Marulas's interest to provoke a separation. Did he not seem to be recalling to her mind some compact when he handed her the bouquet of flowers culled from La Mariasse's grave, on the very day of our marriage?

She loves me! She suffers on my account! This is miserable and puerile; but since this thought has taken possession of my mind, my grief appears to be less intense—I have even attained a kind of quietude. I foresee vaguely in the future the hour, when, cured of my love, I shall conquer this woman who has inflicted such a mortal insult on my pride! Pride, Rene, always pride! Is it true, then, that the heart of man is so formed, that even in the midst of its most bitter disappointments, he is still occupied with his egotistical vanity?

From this moment I resumed my ordinary life. Even this very day I went to my club, where I conducted myself as if nothing unusual had occurred since my disappearance, and I received with the

most perfect calmness the usual congratulations. I even smiled at Savernay's sentimental admiration of the philosophical method in which I enjoyed my honeymoon, by returning to my club ten days after my marriage. I even quizzed him in my turn at winning a hundred louis from him at cards, which he would insist on my playing with him, in order, as he said, to take advantage of the well-known adage, "Fortunate in love, unfortunate at cards."

On leaving the club I went to dine at my Aunt Senozan's. Genevieve, seeing me in such fine spirits, guessed that I had received good news from Chazol. She questioned me with her eyes.

She doubtless suspected that some rupture had taken place between my wife and myself. With the instinct of a loving heart this idea had caused her extreme grief. I saw that she dreaded to touch my wound, but from the words she let fall, it was easy for me to detect the pure and sisterly tenderness she felt for me, which Vièrgie, in her uneasy jealousy, had mistaken for love.

"Poor Jean!" said she, in a low voice, when we were alone, and surprising my eyes fixed on her. "I recall her to your mind, and seeing me, makes you suffer."

The truth is, Rene, a mad hope had entered my heart. After Langlade's proceeding, it was possible that Vièrgie would write to me. Rendered melancholy, and already terrified by solitude and by the deplorable consequences of a moment's folly, if she were to seek to justify herself—if she were to confess Marulas's horrible plot, into which she had been dragged, and call upon me to protect her against him!

Can you realize the disorder of my thoughts, and the anxiety dependent on suspense and anticipation?

Two mortal days passed away. At last a letter arrived bearing the Aix postmark. I recognized Langlade's writing. I opened the envelope with trembling fingers. The letter contained only three lines, evidently written in a great hurry. Langlade had that moment learned that the countess had left the chateau. My servants only knew that she was gone. They had been to the curé to inquire about her.

This thunderstroke overwhelmed me. So, at the very hour when I was cowardly hoping, she had broken the last bond between us, and resumed her liberty without even deigning to spare me the new insult of leaving as a fugitive. Assured of a fortune which I had never dreamed of contesting with her, she had shaken off all modesty, and left my house without heeding the scandal of such a step, in order to live at her ease!

Where was she? What was she doing? At this thought, a feeling of rage took possession of me. I thought that I had exhausted all the tortures possible to be endured through this woman, and I suddenly perceived that I had scarcely begun to suffer. The agonies of jealousy remained to me. If she were to take a lover! I thought of going in search of her. Did not the right to punish still remain in me?

In the midst of this anguish, my valet entered, and asked me if I would see any one.

"No," I replied, in a tone which admitted of no reply. He was just leaving the room.

"But it is Mademoiselle Berbrant, sir—the sister of the Curé of Chazol."

"Let her enter," said I, feeling certain that it could only be some misfortune that would bring her to Paris.

I tried to collect my courage so as not to show my weakness. Mademoiselle Berbrant entered.

From the first words she uttered it was easy to see that she had some mission to perform, and hesitated to speak. I knew her characteristic timidity.

"Speak without fear?" said I. "I am prepared for all. I already know through Langlade that Madame de Chazol has left my house."

"Madame the Countess is here," she replied.

"Here? In Paris?" I exclaimed.

"She begged me to accompany her. We arrived a few hours ago."

"But why did she undertake this journey?" I inquired, astounded.

On noticing the agitation that I could not help betraying, Mademoiselle Berbrant hesitated. I encouraged her to continue.

"Madame de Chazol has come to Paris," said she, at last, "to solicit an interview with you. Not daring herself to come to you, she begged me to make the request for her."

She further informed me that they were staying at a hotel in the Avenue Montaigne, occupied by one of her relatives. I dared not question her. She told me, however, that Vièrgie was not very well, and had sought some repose on arriving. It was arranged that in three hours I should go and see her.

When I was alone I reflected on what my course of action should be under these circumstances. Was this a desire for reconciliation on her part? Did she come to confess her fault and her despair? What ought I to do? Was I to forget that any reconciliation between us would be one without dignity—that there are disasters which can never be repaired? How could I believe in her in the future? Even were she sincere—how would I forget?

A thought suddenly entered my mind, at first vague and undefined, amidst the conflict of ideas which occupied my brain. I recalled to mind her note in which she had boasted that she could bring me to her feet if she pleased—that she could make me believe in her again by exercising over me that fascination which had made me her slave. Once on the brink of doubt, I recalled to my mind the different incidents that Langlade had told me. Vièrgie's disappearance at the moment of his arrival at the chateau, and surprised by him in my apartment—the scene of the portrait, the semi-avowals of Marulas's complicity, on which she seemed to throw all the blame, her singular ignorance of the contents of our marriage contract—was not all this a comedy

to make me believe in her remorse and her regret?

"Yes," said I to myself, "it would be indeed shameful were I to fall once more into this vulgar snare."

XXVIII.

Two hours afterward I was in the Avenue Montaigne; I asked for Mademoiselle Berbrant, as had been agreed upon. The Countess de Chazol had not mentioned her name. I was immediately shown into an apartment on the first story. Vièrgie was sitting there. She rose quickly when I entered, and took a step toward me, then suddenly stood still, trembling, with her eyes fixed on me. Mademoiselle Berbrant retired, leaving us alone together.

We each experienced the greatest emotion, in spite of our efforts to appear calm. At last, after a moment of embarrassment, I broke the silence:

"You desire to see me, madame, on some important business?" said I.

"Yes," she returned.

"I am ready to hear you."

She hesitated a moment, as if not daring to begin the conversation. She was very pale, and her eyes seemed to avoid mine; but as she proceeded she grew bolder.

"However difficult this subject may be, sir, to me," said she, in a tone of voice that was anything but firm, "I have thought, that even if you misunderstand the motive that brings me here, regard for your name forbids me to confide to others the resolution to which I have come since Monsieur Langlade's visit. I have learned too late that questions of money, which I never foresaw, are mixed up with that which I have done."

"It was necessary, madame," I replied, "to come to some understanding with respect to our mutual interest, as well as to arrive at the determination you have come to with respect to your future, concerning which I am compelled, in spite of myself, to take cognizance of."

"Langlade has enlightened me with respect to my rights, and it is to speak with you on this subject that I have begged you to favor me with an interview; the motives of our separation are unknown to him, and it seems to me that you alone can be judge of the conclusion that ought to be come to."

"I should have thought, on the contrary, madame, that these questions, difficult for us to treat on, would have been better managed by our notary, since everything is settled beforehand—unless indeed you find the amount secured to you by the contract insufficient for your requirements."

"You are mistaken, sir," said she, quickly, "for, on the contrary, I come to tell you that I will not accept this income, and that I want nothing from you."

At these words, spoken in a resolute tone, I could not repress a gesture of surprise.

"But what do you intend to do? How do you intend to live?"

"Oh, have no fear on that subject," she replied, with a bitter smile; "your notary informs me that I have a fortune given me by Madame de Senozan. Two hundred thousand francs, he said. I can live on the interest of this sum, which I have the right to consider as a portion of my father's inheritance."

This strange compromise aroused all my suspicion.

"Is it your counselor, Marulas, who has advised you with respect to these conscientious scruples?" She blushed, and seemed agitated. I saw her eyes flash, but almost immediately she became calm again.

"I suppose you mean that for an insult?" she resumed; "and it might be one, if I had not already told you that I have come here to annul the marriage contract which our separation renders superfluous."

"I admire your disinterestedness," I returned. "Unfortunately, I am aware that Langlade has already informed you that neither you nor I can now annul it. You will have to resign yourself, however much it causes you to suffer, I added in an ironical tone, 'to submit to this fortune which you never thought about when you married me.'"

"The contract which gives me this money, can at least be destroyed," said she, hurt at my words. "No; even that cannot be done," I returned, smiling.

"You are mistaken, sir," she replied, haughtily, "for here is the contract—and now it is worth nothing!"

So saying, she tore it up in a fit of superb indignation, and threw the pieces at my feet.

I must confess that this theatrical scene was so unexpected, and she performed it with such natural pride, that I was astounded, and asked myself if I had not calumniated her.

Women have such false ideas of business matters, that they sometimes commit the most puerile absurdities. With Vièrgie's imagination this *dénouement* might be sincere, but the past had been too cruel to me for me not to be cruel in my turn.

"Are you sure, madame," said I, in a calm tone, "that in recommending to you this heroic disinterestedness, Monsieur Marulas has not too easily counted on my credulity?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"God forbid, madame, that I should suspect you wrongfully! I would only observe that Monsieur Marulas knows as well as I do that if you were to destroy twenty papers like that, there would always remain a copy."

She seemed thunderstruck at these words; then fixing upon me a look of despair, she returned:

"On your honor, sir, is what you tell me true? Does not the destruction of this contract annul its provisions?"

"On my honor, it does not."

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, in a tone of despair, "what must you think of me?"

"I think, madame, that these are very secondary consequences to the situation you have brought about," I replied, concealing the feeling of pity I felt at her emotion as well as I could. "I will add, that for my part, I would never consent that the Countess de Chazol should live in a condition of penury. Let us then finish this discussion, I beg of you. It is too late to discuss these strange scruples. You wished to bear my name. Your object is attained. It now remains for us to decide a question much more important than this miserable affair of money. I wish to know your resolves with respect to the future. I expect soon to go to sea again."

"You are going away!" she exclaimed.

"My proceedings, I imagine, must be utterly immaterial to you," I said, feeling myself stronger

at the sight of her emotion. "This course of action will have the advantage of concealing a separation which would otherwise appear, to say the least, exceedingly premature—unless, indeed, it enters into your plans to give rise to scandal as the completion of your work."

"You overwhelm me, and yet I assure you I had no other thought in asking for this interview than to convince you of my honesty."

"The events which have occurred may have led me into error, then, but seeing you in Paris—"

"If I left your house without your knowledge, sir," she returned quickly, "it is that, without an adviser, and not daring to reveal to your notary the reason of our separation, I did not wish you to suppose that in marrying I ever dreamed of acquiring a fortune. In my ignorance, I thought that it only sufficed to destroy the marriage contract in order to annul it. This is my first reason for coming."

"The first reason, you say—and the others?"

"I also thought," she resumed, with some hesitation, "that, guided in this matter by a friend who has traced out for me the conduct I ought to pursue, I was not free to act without consulting you as to our future, whether it be better to reveal our separation to the world, or, for the sake of your name, to keep it a secret between us."

"It was doubtless your father also who enlightened you as regards this duty."

"It was the Curé of Chazol, sir," she answered, raising her head, "the only confidant that I have thought fit to choose. It was he who advised me to take this step, or, rather, exacted it of me. I came to solicit nothing from your hands—not even your pardon. You have said," she added, haughtily, "that I wanted your name—I have it. I regret nothing I have done, and you cannot believe that I should have the baseness to flinch in my resolution, for I have this day given you the right to attribute this return to a miserable calculation."

In listening to this proud language, I did not know what to think, but henceforth everything appeared irreparable between us. Even if she were sincere, I could not believe in her. I therefore armed myself against all cowardly weakness.

"In leaving you free," I replied, coldly, "I resolved to allow you to decide as to your future without any interference on my part, unless you forget the name you bear. Although I care but little for the opinion of the world, since you consult me in the matter, I think it better that the result of our marriage should be kept to ourselves. Such a quick separation might give rise to unfavorable reflections for us both, while no one will be astonished that the Service exacts my departure. Sailors are often parted from their wives in this manner. In a year's time we can agree upon a definite separation, which will restore us, if not exactly our liberty, at least a more distinct understanding."

"It shall be thus, since you so decide; but while waiting for the end of this term, I should like to have your advice as to my residence. You know my isolation as respects relations."

"If you choose to remain at Chazol, I shall be satisfied."

"I will obey you," she replied. "The only favor I ask is, that you will allow me to live as I please. I can then tell your notary that what I possess is more than sufficient for my requirements."

"I have no objections to offer you on that score, and it shall be as you wish. Langlade shall receive my instructions. Is that all that you desire?"

"That is all, and I thank you for consenting to my wishes."

"I also wish you to understand that if, during our separation, you require to be protected or defended, that you will address yourself to me."

"I promise to do so," she returned.

"When do you return to Chazol?"

"This evening, if you approve of it."

"Adieu, then, madame," said I, rising; "in a year we shall see each other again, in order to regulate our future."

She did not reply. She was very pale, and I saw her place her hand over her heart as if to stop its beating; but this evidence of weakness was soon suppressed, and as if to avoid all return of it, she hurriedly left the room.

AIDYL.

(Continued from page 219.)

"Aidyl!"—the current of his passion had changed—"I have loved you with an affection which I thought no time could change. When I returned, it was with the hope that the shadow which had risen would pass away, and we once more be one. Is it a light matter to crush a heart so full of pure and faithful love as mine—to cast away your own soul? Rise, miserable woman—go!"

The clasped hands relaxed, the kneeling figure rose. The marble whiteness of that uplifted face Latimer never forgot.

"Ernest!"—the voice was hollow—"hear me before we both go mad!"

"No, Aidyl!" Not fiercely did he speak, but with suppressed anguish. "Never! Too late!—too late!"

"Ernest!"

The name came with a shriek which echoed through the house, and she fell senseless at his feet.

Maurice and Lucy, who had come to welcome their brother, rushed in, and Mary and the servants. Ernest was raising the prostrate form, when he saw the cloak which enveloped Mary.

Cried Lucy, always the first to breathe hope:

"Do not look so terrified Ernest; it is only a faint. She is worn with her anxiety for Mary and Mr. Staunton's happiness, that is all! She will be better now—better, you are come."

They laid her on a sofa and chafed her cold hands, and applied every restorative, but she only recovered to sink from one swoon into another. Latimer was like one stunned; he gave no heed to questions; he did not speak, until Mary's cloak touched him in passing; he grasped her arm.

"Who was in the hall just now?"

He looked so wild and fierce, she answered quickly:

"Frank Staunton and I were there, while Aidyl waited for you in her own dressing-room; he was going out, and I told him of Aidyl's kindness to us, and we blessed her in our hearts before we parted! And, oh, Ernest, now she is dying!" she added, in a burst of grief. "She will not live to see the joy she gave!"

"Maurice," whispered the miserable husband,

"she will die, and I shall have killed her! Yes, Maurice, it is true, I have killed her!"

Hours after, Ernest waited outside his wife's door. The doctor came to him, and said:

"It is useless, Mr. Latimer; she would not know you; and, to tell you the truth, the sound of your step does her harm. Her brain is fearfully excited; this illness has been coming on for a long time, and all emotion must be avoided. You positively must retire to another room."

"Will she live?" he asked.

The physician looked on the eager face sorrowfully.

"She is very young," he replied. "She is very young, and we will hope."

Ernest Latimer went to his room, and a servant came with Lucy, to see if he were made comfortable.

"Here are some packages for you, under these wraps, Mr. Latimer," said the servant. "Mrs. Latimer put them there just as your carriage drove up to the door. I thought maybe, poor lady, she meant to surprise you, for she smiled like, and run away. I did not think she was sick, for, though she looked pale, she 'peared more cheerful than for many a long day."

"Leave me, Lucy. Go, Jane. I have all I want," said Ernest, taking in his nervous grasp the note and packet.

Alone he opened Aidyl's letter, alone he read it, and in the solitude and silence of the room he broke the seal of the packet, and turned over the soiled, faded French notes. He rose then, and went down-stairs softly, with his wife's letter in his hand. He laid it before Maurice, without a word of explanation. Maurice read it, and returned it, but could not speak; tears were in his kind eyes.

Ernest said:

"She has had that on her mind all these months—that I meant her when I spoke of the loveless past—and she could trust me still! Women do not love like men. And I have killed her, Maurice."

"No, no! Let us hope she will recover. Yet, did you never tell her, Ernest, of that former marriage?"

"Never!"

"Oh, Ernest!"

But one look at the face of the unhappy man made the elder brother's reproach die away upon his lips.

At this moment the wild cry of delirium was heard from the sick chamber: "Ernest, Ernest, hear me!"

"Come, come," cried Mary, in frightened accents, as she ran into the room. "See if she will know you."

It was useless. In vain he knelt beside her bed, in vain he called her by every tender name—she never recognized him; she turned away from the pale, haggard face beside her, so different from the brilliant countenance she had known and loved so well, and still moaned, "Ernest, hear me." Nothing more, nothing less.

He never left her when for days she seemed to hover on the brink of the grave, and the shadow over his home and life seemed the shadow of Death. At length the crisis in her disorder arrived. Hours he waited in the silence of his own room, but kneeling on his knees in prayer. A knock at his door, and a gentle voice said:

"Ernest." He opened it, and Lucy lifted her streaming, grateful eyes to his. "She will live, brother; she will live. Thank God!"

"May I go to her?" he asked, after a pause; and in that pause Lucy knew his thoughts had been full of praise.

"Yes; but only for a moment. She has asked for you."

She was very white and still, and her eyes did not unclose until he bent over her, and said:

"Aidyl, dearest, my pure and loving wife, say that you forgive me! I shall have no prayer unanswered then."

She smiled a faint but happy smile, but her voice was so weak and low, he could scarcely hear her words.

"My beloved, God has turned darkness to light."

A few days afterward, as she had grown stronger and she could bear it, he told her all.

"I was married nine years ago. I was only a boy, not yet twenty. She was older than I, and a handsome girl; I was pleased and fascinated, but I did not love her. When I found that she loved me, as I was bidding her farewell, and she told me piteously of her suffering and poverty, and that her father was dying, and she would be alone and reduced to utter misery, I thought I wronged her, and I promised her to marry her, and kept my word. We were married in some obscure town in France, where I had met her, and two hours after, the carriage, in which we both were, was overturned, and she was killed instantly." He paused, and Aidyl's head drooped lower on his breast. "I was seriously injured, Maurice, who was in Paris, came to me, and I was very ill. He learned all the truth concerning her—that she was false and bad, that all her pitiful tales were lies, and that—but she is gone—it is over. She had no father; the man with whom she lived was an uncle. He, too, is dead. My marriage had been very private. Maurice and I never told my story, I felt as if my name had been disgraced, and so I blushed to tell you, whom I knew to be so pure, of the sinful deed. In some strange way, when Maurice and I met, after long separation, we talked once more of the past. I could then, for my heart was filled with love and hope, and memory seemed less painful, while the future was so bright. Then it was you overheard us talking, and thence ensued our wretchedness. I was not worthy of you, Aidyl; I was not worthy of you!"

"Hush!" she said, gently. "It is all over; we will never speak of it after to-day. But, Ernest, she who is gone—did she never speak again?"

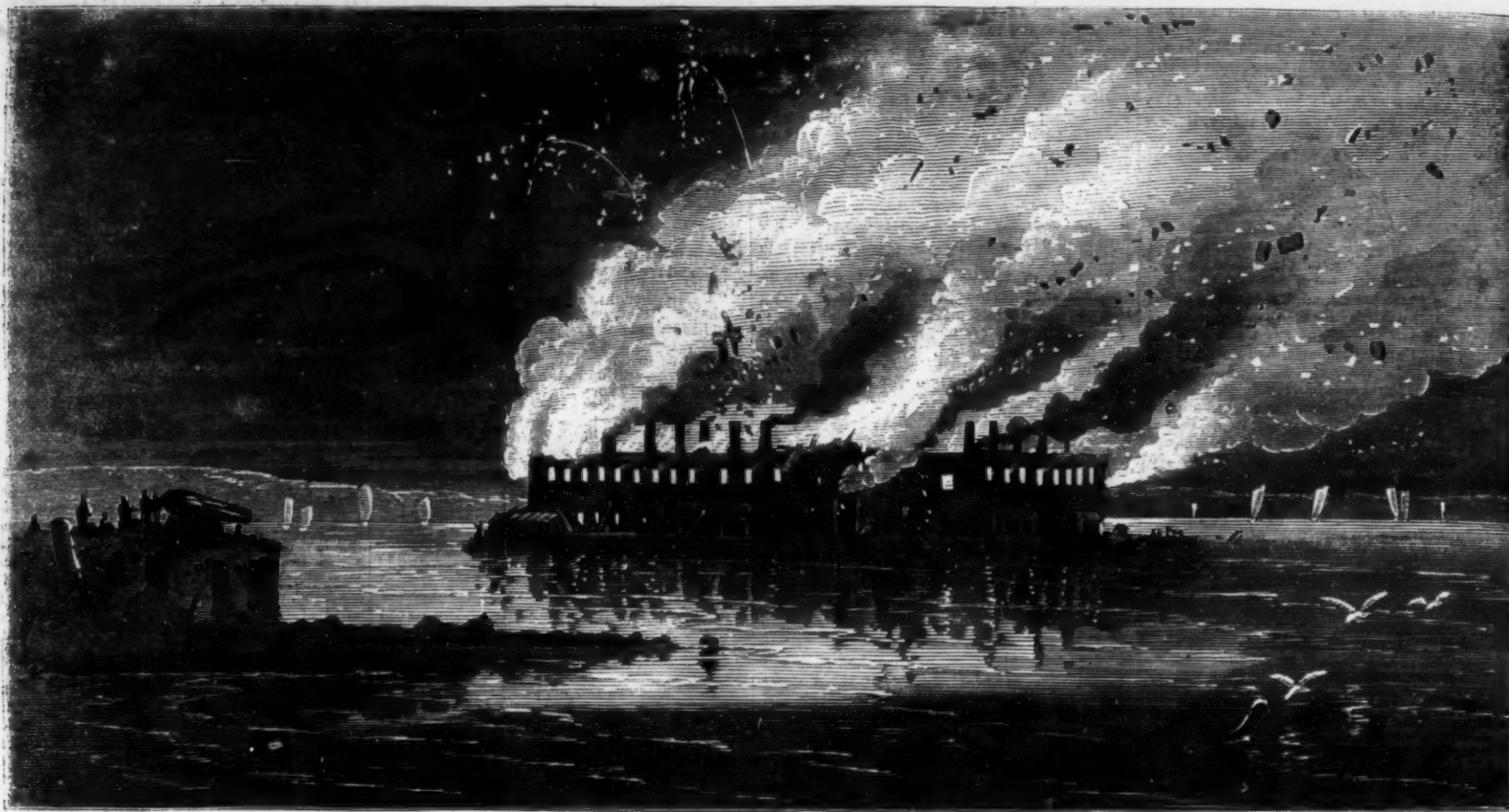
"Never! She breathed, but did not speak. It is over!" he repeated reverentially. "She is passed beyond our judgment. May He who is the awful Judge, yet tender Saviour, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Then spoke the wife once more:

"We were wrong to say no blessing came to us in the time past, dearest; the waves of sorrow rose so high, we did not see the Holy One walking on the waters, for our eyes were dim with doubts; yet He stilled the turbulent sea."

And as she ceased speaking, and rested her head upon her husband's breast, they listened to the ringing of the Sunday bells, and every one seemed to chime forth, "Peace—be still!"

The Fire at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, December 1st.—See Page 217.



THE CONFLAGRATION—VIEW FROM FORT HAMILTON.



THE CASEMATE IN WHICH JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CONFINED.



EXTERIOR OF THE POWDER MAGAZINE AFTER THE FIRE.



THE RUINS—INTERIOR VIEW.

The New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington Heights, N. Y.



OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF THE INSTITUTION CONVERSING IN MUTE LANGUAGE.

The New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

In a former issue of this paper we published a series of views of the interior of the Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Washington Heights, New York, together with a full description of

their energies getting back into deep water, and in a short time, owing to the imminent danger from explosion, all the boats left. Thus abandoned, the immense quantity of timber in the fort continued to burn with vigor. It began to be rumored about the neighborhood that from fifty to sixty tons of powder were in the magazine, and that this immense charge was in

treasures, including the wearing apparel, except that in use, were left, and the people residing in the vicinity of Fort Hamilton, and within a radius of half a mile, might be seen moving in phalanxes in various directions, but mostly in the direction of Brooklyn, seeking for a refuge from the impending danger. Not a few families acted with greater deliberateness, and packed

flying in the air with rocket's splendor, and in such a style of confusion as might properly describe the operations of the horror-stricken populace. The flames protruded from some of the casemates opposite the Staten Island shore as much as twenty to twenty-five feet. It will not be wondered at that the fire was so speedy, so hot, and so vehement in its port-hole demonstrations,



THE SCHOOL-ROOM IN REAR OF MAIN BUILDING.

the establishment, and a view of the main building. In illustrating the subject anew, we present some outside views, and a group representing the teachers and officers of the institution engaged in conversing by the system taught to the pupils. Our description of this well-conducted asylum was so complete in the former issue, that it is unnecessary for us to enter further into detail, except to bear testimony to the great success that continues to reward the efforts to instruct and elevate the unfortunates who have made the place their home.

The Fire at Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor, December 1st.

ABOUT ten minutes before one o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, a fire was discovered in the vicinity of an old and unused chimney on the land side of Fort Lafayette, situated at the east side of the entrance to the Narrows, about three hundred yards distant from Fort Hamilton, upon an artificial foundation of stone. A party of workmen had been engaged in rebuilding the roof of the fort, which was broken down during the war, and at the dinner hour, one of them kindled a fire for the purpose of warming his luncheon. There was a large quantity of timber, such as shingles, pieces of joist, and boards, piled up near the gateway, and owing to the fact that the chimney in which the fire was lighted was foul, the flame and smoke, instead of being carried off, communicated with the lumber, and in a brief time the high winds fanned the flames into a most disastrous conflagration.

So far as could be ascertained, there were but two soldiers in the fort, and one woman, in charge. It is usual at this season of the year to keep no greater force than this in that fort, the main garrison being in Fort Hamilton. This slender garrison escaped as soon as they could. As soon as possible thereafter, the Metropolitan Police-boat, under command of Captain Hart, made its appearance off the fort, and in a short time a powerful stream of water was directed upon the burning and defenseless defense of New York harbor, but to little purpose, for the strong northwest wind that blew at the time dissipated the water into spray almost as soon as it left the nozzle of the hose on board the boat. Two tugboats also came to the aid of the police-boat, one of which sent another powerful stream toward the burning pile, but to as little purpose as the first one; the second tugboat got aground, and the crew exhausted

danger of exploding any moment, should the flames reach it; and this danger was asserted to be certain. Terror and alarm took possession of men, women and children. To save their lives was the first instinct. Doors were locked behind them, and all the household

up their domestic chattels and departed, leaving the empty mansions to be demolished if need be, or transferred to the bay or to Staten Island by the force of the expected explosion.

At this time shells were bursting and their fragments

when it is stated that one hundred thousand feet of new lumber, and a large number of shingles, were lying inside the fort, preparatory to projected alterations and repairs.

After dark the scene was particularly striking and fearfully exciting, as the flames shot upward, reflecting beautifully upon the surrounding waters and against the tall, gaunt chimneys and the white flagstaff which stood defiantly erect amid a bank of fire and smoke.

At an early hour in the evening some fifteen or twenty shells exploded in rapid succession, but these were ascertained to have been outside of the arched powder chamber. Although the fire continued in a smoldering condition during that night and the day following, all danger of an explosion was at an end; the vast quantity of powder and loaded shells in the magazine remained untouched.

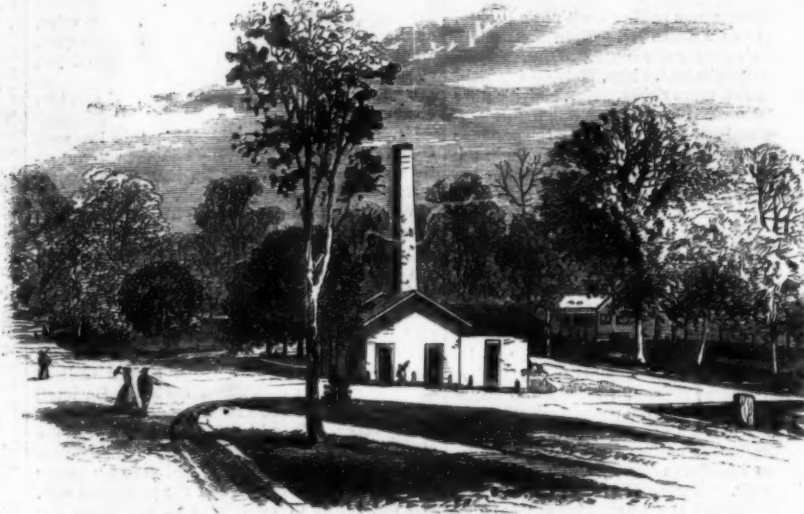
One of the outer doors protecting the magazine was burned through, but the sheet-iron plating protected the place. The building as it appears now is a ruined mass of brick and mortar. There is scarcely a stick of wood anywhere to be seen.

Fort Lafayette has probably more of interest attached to it than any other fort in the United States (excepting Sumter), from the fact that from the very commencement of the war it was used as a place of confinement for political prisoners. As early as the 20th of July, 1862, it received within its massive portals E. S. Ruggles, of Fredericksburgh, and many others of his stamp. Toward the end of the year, the number of prisoners had so largely increased, that the accommodations offered at the fort were insufficient, and several were transferred to Fort Columbus.

It was constructed during the war of 1812, was originally known as Fort Diamond, being of triangular form, and was built of brown-stone and free-stone trimmings. It was decidedly old-fashioned, and as a means of modern defense was simply useless.

The walls were about seven feet in thickness, and the whole was surrounded by a stout sea-wall. It mounted in all eighty guns of minor calibre, two tiers in battery and a barbette. A few new Parrotts had been recently mounted on the west side.

In 1825, upon occasion of Lafayette's visit to the United States, it received its present title, in honor of that distinguished soldier and patriot. Its dimensions were 200 feet across the centre, with a parade-ground of a quarter of an acre. The powder magazine, which



THE BOILER AND ENGINE ROOM.



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

was situated in the area of the fort, was bombproof and constructed with two doors, both of which were heavy oak wood, lined on the outside with copper, there being a space of six feet between the outside and the inner doors. The walls of the magazine were of solid masonry, and about seven feet thick. Six months ago it was garrisoned by a company of the First United States artillery regiment, but since the withdrawal of that company, has been garrisoned from Fort Hamilton by a sergeant's guard of six men, who have been relieved each day from that post.

We are indebted to General Veitch, and Lieutenant Miller of the Engineer Department, for courtesies extended to our artist.

LAST NIGHT!

BY ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

"God was cruel when He made woman."

Those are the very words she said

Last night, an hour before she died.

"Most cruel!" groaned she, turning in her bed,
Her great eyes staring, grown as dull as lead,
Fixed on me, tearless, wide.

"To-day," she said, "I met him in the street,
The man I loved; I met him face to face;
He passed me by who thought me once so sweet!

Scum of the earth am I—but is it meet
That he deny me grace?

"Girl—in the Golden City is
No place for such as you and I.
For those who have not gone amiss,
The harps of gold, the Master's kiss,
On amaranth beds to lie;

"Peace and delight, where'er they turn;
Peace and delight! the dark for us,
The 'outer dark,' the fires that burn,
Gnashing of teeth, the undying worm,
The pain that stabbeth—thus!"

Whereat she turned her face away,

And lay so still, I grew afraid.

"Louise!" I whispered—"let us pray!"
And knelt me down, and tried to say
The prayer Messiah made.

Alas! alas! she did not stir,

I saw her growing white, instead,

The cheeks that once so rosy were,

The throat and little chin of her,

And seeing—know that she was dead!

AIDYL.

PART FIRST.

Mrs. MELVILLE was neither a wit nor a beauty. Mr. Melville was a nonentity. Notwithstanding, Mrs. Melville's society was courted. Mrs. Melville was universally admired. Mrs. Melville was rich, and had married more riches. Mrs. Melville gave handsome parties. She gave one this night.

The snow had fallen heavily during the previous day, but this morning had been fine, and now the stars seemed to shine as they had never shone before. Mrs. Melville's parlors were brilliantly lighted, the curtains closely drawn, the guests assembling. They were all "nice people." Nice means presentable and well-bred, now-a-days. Nice people dress richly, have money, speak good grammar, bow and courtesy at the right moment. Nice people are not necessarily intelligent. Mrs. Melville was nice!

The hostess was a short, stout woman, with irregular features, and indescribable as to face. A comfortable-looking person; a woman who transgressed no rule of decorum; who sent her children to good boarding-schools; never interfered with her husband's business speculations; gossiped in an innocent manner, and employed a first-rate cook. Happy Mrs. Melville! Her children occasioned her no annoyance; her dinners were well prepared, and she had five hundred dear friends among the "nice people!"

"Where are the Latimers?" inquired some lady of a gentleman, as she looked about the large rooms. "Have you seen Aidyl since she was a bride?"

"No. You forget that they have been absent a month. This is the first appearance in public. Ah, there they are! Poor fellow!"

"Spare your pity, Mr. Fairfax; Mr. Latimer looks supremely happy."

"Pshaw! I beg your pardon, Miss Dalton, but I never could forgive that man of fire for marrying an iceberg like Miss Corbet."

"Will the fire melt the iceberg, or the iceberg cool the flame?"

"Impossible to conjecture. See, they are moving that way. How Mrs. Melville simper! Yes, I confess, Mrs. Latimer is a beautiful bride; but a man might as well marry a marble statue. Such women have no hearts!"

"Upon my word," said Fairfax, "I shall begin to think Miss Corbet gave you the mitten. You are a contrast to Mr. Staunton, who says 'her soul is full of harmony.'"

Mr. Fairfax shrugged his shoulders, as he answered sarcastically: "Frozen music, the architecture. Staunton is a lover of hers, and a reader of Ruskin—he appreciates frozen music."

"I want to speak to Aidyl, nevertheless. Ah, how lovely she is to-night! She looks like a queen holding her court—as stately, as self-possessed. Yes, you are right, as unapproachable. But take me to her, please, if you are not afraid to make the venture."

Mr. Fairfax offered his arm, and as the two young people are threading their way through the rooms, we will describe the object of their criticism.

Very unconscious she seemed of the interest she excited, with more "repose of manner," and dignity of carriage than is usual in one so young as her face would indicate. She wore her bridal dress, though divested of its veil of flowers, and its rich folds and long train added grace and elegance to her slight figure. Her

features were finely chiseled, and denoted a high order of intellect. She did not wear her hair in the prevailing fashion, but simply braided round her head, and the pearls which clasped her throat and adorned her arms were her only ornaments. She smiled rarely, yet conversed freely and calmly, appearing neither apathetic nor languid; for her words were earnest, her manner interested, and her tones, though unimpassioned, were sweet and clear. Mr. Latimer stood a little apart from her—an entire contrast. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, brilliant-complexioned; resolution in his heavy brows; every feature denoting the sanguine, if not the choleric temperament. A handsome man in face and figure; a noble nature, if there is truth in physiognomy. There was pride in his face; pride in that of his young wife. But whereas his eye was sparkling and ardent, hers was calm and truthful. He might hate deceit; she could never deceive.

Miss Lucy Latimer, a bright brunette, arrested the steps of Miss Dalton and her *preux chevalier*.

"Why do you not congratulate me upon my new sister?" she said. "Do look at her! is she not lovely? She wants a little thawing out. But then, we are such a fiery race, that will soon be done, and Mr. Corbet brought up his children to dot their *f's* and cross their *t's* with great particularity."

"Do you mean to cure your sister of that good habit, Miss Latimer?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Fairfax! only to make the habit of less importance. Oh, Josey! only think, the day Ernest and Aidyl were married, Mr. Corbet called me Lucy! Positively, I was so electrified that I never answered. Excuse me; is not that Mr. Staunton? Why, what is Mary Corbet doing, hurrying out of the room with her father? I never knew a Corbet so undignified as to be in a hurry before."

Ernest Latimer bent down toward his wife; the faintest flush was visible on her cheek at the sound of his voice, and her truthful eyes brightened.

"Mr. Staunton is waiting to speak to you." He was obliged to repeat his words, for she had not seemed to understand, and as soon as she greeted Mr. Staunton, her eyes wandered searchingly round the room.

"She is suffering from the heat," explained Mr. Latimer, with a smile. "Mr. Staunton, will you take Mrs. Latimer to a greater distance from the register?"

Aidyl rose wearily and made a circuit of the rooms. When she returned to her sofa, her father had taken her husband's place. That fine gentleman's brow was a little clouded, and he acknowledged Mr. Staunton's bow coldly.

"Aidyl," said her father, in a low, angry voice, as he pretended to be handing her bouquet, "how dared you disobey me? How dared you speak and walk with that man?"

"Mr. Latimer desired me to do so. I owe him obedience now."

Mr. Corbet's eyes sparkled, his thin lips were compressed, but he could say no more without attracting observation, and he had a wholesome distaste for creating a "scene." He need not have feared; his daughter was too well trained in his own teaching to manifest emotion.

Mr. Corbet was a widower. Proud, supercilious and imperious, the opinion of the world of "nice people," who are our "Mrs. Grundys," was all for which he cared. There was no tender love between the members of the Corbet household. If there was love, its manifestation was repressed. Demonstration was a word omitted in the vocabulary of William Corbet. He loved himself so well, that he never needed the affection of any other. When his wife died, he ordered the front blinds of the house closed for six months, put his family into mourning, and wore a "weed" himself. He never spoke of the poor dead wife. "It was vulgar to be talking of buried people; unpleasant, barrowing subjects must be avoided in society." He attended no parties, gave no suppers—still, continued to pay visits, to frequent his club. These enjoyments were "necessary for his health." He did not send his daughters to boarding-schools; he considered the companionship of many girls was sure to render them enthusiastic, romantic, and fanciful. They were trained by governesses and masters. He gave them a thorough education; and, the accomplishments acquired, he desired his sister, Mrs. Mayne, to matronize them in society. The girls were pronounced handsome, and perfect in manner. Aidyl, the younger, was his favorite; Mary was more inclined to coquetry, and would dance with young men who had no money, and no expectations. Mary was very like her mother—afraid of him—and fear made her awkward. Aidyl was always dutiful, yet never timid. She had married at nineteen—a rich man, and a man of position.

Mrs. Melville congratulated him upon the superiority of his daughter. "Aidyl," remarked Mr. Corbet, "is a sensible young woman." This was the nearest approach to a compliment he had ever paid a child.

"All parties must end, I suppose," said Lucy Latimer to Mary Corbet, as they met in the dressing-room; "but, really, I thought this evening would never end."

"Was it extraordinarily stupid?" inquired the other, listlessly, as she drew off her gloves.

"Yes; I thought Aidyl would never move. She staid talking and talking forever with Judge Dalton, and that strong-minded Mrs. Backville, and giving a grave smile to some one else who approached her circle. I positively envied Mr. Staunton for his ability to take an early French leave."

"I thought I saw you talking, Lucy, and Mr. Morden listening."

Lucy colored, and fastened her furs closely.

"One might as well stay at home if one cannot flirt a little," she answered, with a saucy toss of her pretty head.

Aidyl came to Mary to hasten her.

"Come, Mary; aunt is waiting. I am sorry I cannot take you with us, but papa said 'No.'"

"I cannot bear to drive with them; they are terrible," said the elder sister, in a low tone. "I cannot."

Mrs. Latimer's face did not change; but her light touch on the nervous girl's arm seemed to give her courage.

"It will not last, poor child! a brighter day is at hand. Be brave."

Some days afterward, Mrs. Latimer remarked to her husband, after a servant had announced, "Mr. Staunton is in the library": "I wish you would devise some plausible reason for excluding that man from the house."

"Why?" he inquired, surprised at her words; "he is an amiable, estimable character. Do you not like him?"

"Yes, but papa does not," she stammered, in unusual confusion.

"Why?" persisted Mr. Latimer, his astonishment increasing as he witnessed her embarrassment.

"Oh, a fancy!" And this time the clear eyes were averted, and she opened the door of the ante-room, and entered the library, without waiting for her husband.

He rose and followed her slowly, meditating, in his peculiar, quick-tempered fashion, on the strange idea that Mr. Corbet's fancies were to interfere with the courtesies of Ernest Latimer's household. The callers were many that morning, and Mr. Staunton appeared *distrail* until he had opportunity to stand for a few moments by Mrs. Latimer's side, and engross her entire attention. He then spoke with great earnestness and rapidity, and Aidyl listened with a varying color and a pained expression which attracted her husband's notice. Ernest forgot his slight annoyance and perplexity, however, before he was alone with his wife; for, in the meantime, he had received letters of importance, one of which informed him of the probable arrival of his only brother in New York that day. He was full of delighted anticipations of the reunion, for Maurice had long been absent in Europe.

"I have sent a note to my father and mother, Aidyl, and they, with Lucy, will dine here with Maurice. I am anxious for him to see you, dear Aidyl, and for you to love him as a brother. He is the grandest old fellow living, and I should have been prodigal without him." She smiled, and seemed pleased in his pleasure, and they talked together for a long while, until Ernest felt he must go to meet his brother. Then Aidyl wasted the hours which elapsed ere his return, and her toilet was not completed when the party arrived.

Lucy and her parents were quite at home, and Aidyl heard her husband say she must not be disturbed, then cross the hall, and enter a veranda. Her dressing-room window commanded a view of this, and, prompted by her curiosity, she entered the room, that she might see unobserved the Maurice of which she had heard so much. A servant had left the window open, and as she advanced to close it, she heard the brothers say something about Lucy's overhearing, as she sat in the library. Fearful now of attracting attention, she dared not move the sash, and stood watching the two men, who were smoking, as they moved slowly up and down the veranda. She then withdrew precipitately, and recommenced her toilet; but again she ventured forward, to see if Maurice was really like Ernest, as he had been reported, and in that instant heard her husband say, "I have told you all. I never loved her. I married her, and—heaven forgive me if I wronged her. I meant well—"

The young wife staid to learn no more, but fled to her own apartment, with a face from which every trace of color had departed.

The bell rang for dinner; there was no mistress to preside. A servant went up-stairs, and returned with the report that Mrs. Latimer must be asleep. He had knocked at the door, and could not make her hear. Ernest ran up quickly into her room. The cold wind was blowing through the open window, but he saw no Aidyl; in the inner room he perceived her lying upon the bed, her face buried in the pillows. She was wrapped in a loose robe, and her heavy plaits of hair, once arranged, were escaping from their confinement.

"The bell has rung," he cried, brightly. "Oh, Aidyl, to take siestas now! Maurice will think you an uncivil hostess if you thus delay to welcome him!"

"I cannot go down," she said, half rising, but her face yet hidden by her falling hair.

"Not go down! Are you sick, my darling? Why did you not send for me, my dearest?"

She shivered when he called her by these tender names, and shrank from his touch.

"My head is aching," she said, and her voice had a strange, hollow sound. "Go down—you will be missed. Ask your mother to take my place. No—no—do not touch me, do not speak to me. Let no one come to me. I will go down by-and-by."

With great reluctance, but at her eager entreaty, he left her; and after dinner they found her in the hall, passing to the library to wait for them. Lucy rallied her upon causing them unnecessary alarm, then inquired more seriously if she had recovered.

"Almost, thank you. The pain was unendurable at one time; it still continues, but I can bear it better."

"Ernest, make her lean on you."

"I do not need assistance, Lucy. Go on with him."

"How imperious you are to-day," said Latimer, laughing. "You order me down-stairs, and now insist on my keeping a respectful distance. Upon my word, I shall assert my authority. Put your arm through mine, madame. Do you forget so soon your promise to obey?"

Forced to lean upon him, she made answer:

"Have you forgotten your promises also?"

"What did I promise? Oh, I remember—to love. Not very hard to perform, my dear?"

And thus they entered the library.

Always a woman of intelligence and culture, she had never appeared to greater advantage. Maurice was charmed with her wit, beauty, and elegance. As for Ernest, in witnessing his brother's admiration of his choice, his satisfaction was complete.

"She is lovely," said Maurice, as they parted. "Lucy said she was cold, but her animation is charming. To be sure, she is not ready to throw herself into everybody's arms, as Lucy is—but—"

"Upon my word!" said his sister, overhearing, and interrupting. "Allow me inform you, sir, that I am much too well-bred to be guilty of any such indecorum! Yet, Aidyl is becoming quite a Latimer!"

Lucy would not have said so, could she have seen Aidyl when the married pair were quite alone. She was a thorough Corbet in her apparent indifference and coldness. But once or twice her brow contracted, as if in suffering, and her husband prescribed early rest as the only cure. When he entered her dressing-room, he found her still up, her face flushed, and her glazed eyes looking out into space. He was alarmed now, and made anxious inquiry.

"I am so young," burst from the wretched girl's lips—"I am so young, and life is so long!"

An expression of exquisite pain passed over the fine countenance of Latimer, but it was he who was self-controlled now. They had for the time exchanged characters.

"Will you tell me, darling, what saddens you? Who should be your comforter, if not your husband?"

There was no reply. The silence in the room seemed death-like; not even the ticking of the clock disturbed its stillness; the pendulum had ceased to vibrate, the hands to point the hours. Ernest Latimer turned Aidyl's face toward him. "Speak," he said; and though the tone was gentle, it partook of command; "you are miserable, and I would comfort you, or at least share your grief, and sharing, lighten it. Speak."

She raised her head resolutely, and caught his hands in hers. "How can I be miserable when I have your love? Ernest, tell me—do you love me?"

Her truthful eyes searched his face—his face which was never once averted, which met her gaze unflinchingly.

"I do. I will."

"When we were married, Ernest—two months have scarcely passed since then—when we were married, and you promised before God's altar to love and cherish me, did you love me then?"

"I did."

In the nobleness and dignity of his manhood, he seemed to stand before her the embodiment of truth; his dark eyes did not quail, and if the heavy brows were slightly contracted, the lips, before compressed, relaxed now.

"You will not doubt me, dearest—you cannot. You will pain me with no more questioning! You will trust me from henceforth, Aidyl, as I trust you, without one shadow of a doubt—without one shadow of a doubt! You must rest now, for you are tired and over-excited, and hereafter, if sorrow should come, as sorrow will to both, that sorrow shall unite us, not divide us. We will be consolers to each other; and when joy dwells with us, my beloved, as through heaven's mercy it may, the happiness will be the greater, as we feel that we are one. Life shall not seem too long then, for the work of consolation or of praise!"

And he clasped her to his heart; yet, with her head upon his shoulders, she thought, "He might have told me all—I could have borne it; but he untrue! his honor stained by falsehood! God has shut out my prayer, and turned His mercy from me! Ernest is false!"

And every rustle of her silken dress, every tap of the leafless boughs against the window, every sigh of the wintry wind, re-echoed, "False—false!"

PART SECOND.

Weeks passed; spring had come, spring which brings hope to many hearts—flowers and gladness to the earth. The season of parties ended, Mary Corbet had begun to think of summer plains, of Judge Latimer's country-house, or Ernest's pretty cottage with Aidyl for hostess, instead of the dull seaside season, with its tedious hops, called *soirees*, and its heartless worldlings, named votaries of pleasure.

And Lucy Latimer already enjoyed her drives and rides in Central Park. Warm-hearted Lucy was rich in friends, and miserable in lovers. There was always some unfortunate man to whom she must say "No," because she could not say "Yes."

"I am sick," she said, piteously, to Aidyl, one day. "I try hard enough to get in love, but I cannot; and why will they want me to! I never mean to flirt—indeed I do not—but Mr. Morden said that I was cruel!"

The sister-in-law smiled.

"Do not grieve, poor Lucy, because you are loved! All may come right some day, and Mr. Morden win the marble heart at last!"

Young Mrs. Latimer was no longer *fêted* as a bride; there were many fashionable brides in New York now; and, a married woman, a beautiful woman, and the head of an establishment, she gave so few parties, that her aunt, Mrs. Mayne, felt as if her talents were wasted. She paid her a visit, therefore, that she might represent to her niece her failure.

She found Aidyl in the library, and alone. She was much alone now. Ernest and she were no longer lovers. The shadow which had risen between them was daily deepening.

"Aidyl, my dear."

Any one who heard Mrs. Mayne say, My dear, might have experienced a feeling of resentment. It sounded very much like, Poor fool! To be called fool, is bad enough, but to be pitied for being one is more than can be endured.

"My dear," repeated Mrs. Malyse, as she looked round the room, and took a mental inventory of the furniture, "you have disappointed me! You have mortified me! Really, with your good looks, your decided beauty I may say, and marrying money as you did, to do nothing in the way of helping on your sister's establishment for life, I may well complain. You show good taste in the arrangement of your household, and appear well-dressed, and well-mannered—not quite enough 'repose' perhaps, yet still very well; but really, you seem to make nothing of your husband's position and wealth! Really, my dear—now, really, I regret to say it, but you might as well have followed Mary's designs, and made a mere love match, as to make so little of your opportunities. You do positively nothing for your family. A few dinners, and a sociable or so; but what are these? I repeat, my dear, you disappoint me. Mary said yesterday, 'Aidy! is rich—is she happy?' What a question? Happy! What have grown men and women to do with fretting after happiness, like children for a sugar-plum? You girls have grieved me. Mary is weak and romantic, and even you, Aidyl, from whom I hoped for some testimony of character, might as well have made a romantic love marriage. I am astonished! Most extraordinary! A girl of your appearance to be so commonplace!"

Aidy! started to her feet; all "repose" had fled. Her cheeks burned, her eyes flashed, the heart which had been dead within her roused to fresh action—galvanized into life.

"Did I marry for money? I! Ah no! Did you think me so apt a scholar of your school of worldliness? Aunt, you tried hard to teach me that girls were made to be bought and sold. I had learned many of your lessons—but not that, not that!"

Positively, really, Aidyl, such excitement, such vulgar and pretended eloquence, is unbecoming and disgraceful! You were always self-willed, but I was not prepared for this exhibition of temper, so coarse and unwomanly!"

"Unwomanly!" re-echoed Aidyl, bitterly. "Every womanly emotion, all feminine tenderness, you would have crushed out of my heart!"

"Positively, really I cannot listen to this ingratitude!" Mrs. Malyse arranged her elegant spring costume, tried the effect before the mirror, helped herself to a spray of lilies of the valley, which were in a vase near, wrapped a tiny piece of paper about the delicate stem lest it should soil her glove, and continued—and this time her petty nature, quick to resent a sharp word, betrayed her own maliciousness: "My dear"—Aidy! shuddered—"if you married for love, I pity you. Love is not stable. Good looks fade, and Love loves pretty faces. I hope your husband is kind. You had been crying when I came in. Corbet never retain affection long, yet for four or five months of married life one might contrive to keep up appearances. I trust Mr. Latimer will not be a fashionable husband—you dislike fashions. He is rather quick-tempered, a little sarcastic, too. Sarcasm is an elegant weapon of defense in society, but so injudicious at home, apt to estrange—"

"Madame," interrupted Aidyl, huskily, her pale lips trembling, "no reproach can be cast upon Mr. Latimer in the presence of his wife!"

Mrs. Malyse was awed; there was something in the aspect of the girl which silenced her malicious sneers. She walked to the table, took up carelessly a periodical lying there, and saying lightly, "This is new, I will borrow it—good-morning!" left the room.

A few minutes afterward Mary Corbet entered. "You look pale, Aidyl; you need fresh air and change. When do you go out of town?"

"I do not know. It is not determined."

"To a seaside, or some cottage?"

"To some quiet place, I hope; I have seen enough of gayety!"

Mary looked at her, and by some instinct divined that she was in sorrow. "You are not happy, Aidyl. It was never meant that you and I should be happy. There is Lucy Latimer, without one reason for a sigh. She is coming here, with Charles Morden. Will she marry him?"

"Perhaps so!"

Oh, Aidyl! and he is poor! Why were we trained in so hard a school? Why are our lives so bitter, and hers so sweet? Is God merciful?"

"He is," replied her sister, her own griefs forgotten in her desire to soothe Mary's sorrow. "It may be that sorrow is to be the mighty teacher of your soul. God is more wise than we; and, Mary, my darling, there is no earthly love like His; no love so comforting and true!"

"You do not know what it is to bear my cross, Aidyl; you have never tried its weight; I sink under it."

"Yet he bore a heavier for us, dear Mary."

Mary sighed heavily, then the icy barrier of reserve was broken down, and she threw herself sobbing into her sister's arms.

"Frank has gone," she exclaimed, passionately, "and my father would not allow us even a farewell! He is gone, and I shall never see him again; and if he is killed in this frightful war, my father is his murderer!"

"Hush, hush, Mary! He may return; this terrible, unnatural strife will end, the war be over, and days of peace and happiness return for you! Do not despair. Be comforted. You are sure of his truth—is not that enough?"

"You are sure of your husband's love, Aidyl, yet you are not happy. Why do you force upon me a philosophy you will not accept?"

The ringing of the hall-bell surprised them, and Mary fled away, lest her tears should be seen by strangers.

Miss Latimer and Lieutenant Morden were announced. Mrs. Latimer greeted them as calmly as if her morning had been as unclouded as the sky. The faces of her young visitors were so bright that she guessed the truth.

"I am come to say good-by, Mrs. Latimer," said Mr. Morden. "I am off again."

Well, we might have expected this parting, sir. I understand Mr. Frank Staunton is ordered away also. We will miss you very much, but I suppose we must not say we grudge you to the service into which you have entered. Be faithful, brave and fortunate!"

"I trust to be faithful," said the young man, his brown eyes turning toward Lucy a half-quizzical, half-tender glance; "I hope I shall prove myself brave, and I am already fortunate."

Aidy! smiled, and her smile was very sweet. In the happiness which she witnessed, she experienced for the first time that day a sensation of joy.

"May I tell her, Lucy?"

Lucy stood laughing, blushing and tearful.

"You need make no confession, Mr. Morden. I have guessed, like a Yankee. You have won the marble heart at last! I wish you joy with all my heart—yes, with all my heart! May all good and blessing be with you both," she added, seriously, "and angels of love watch between you while you are absent from each other!"

There was a moment's pause. Perhaps the young pair realized then, as they had not before, the solemnity of their betrothal. Then they talked on, not much of the future, but of the immediate parting. And yet Lucy looked tolerably courageous. She had only just awakened to the knowledge she could love a man well enough to say "Yes."

"I would not mind his going so much," she said, with a saucy pout of her pretty lips, "if he were not being experimented upon by the Government; fame and glory, and distinction and patriotism, are nice words for soldiers; but not experiment!"

"If I had staid at home, I would have been experimented upon by a woman. Columbia is not more capricious than—"

Lucy found means to quiet him for a second; then he went on: "I verily believe, Mrs. Latimer, if she had not considered me in danger of being shot, she would have said 'No!'"

"How stupid you are, Charlie! Aidyl, do not believe him; this is not the anniversary of the only day in the year in which he speaks the truth."

Aidy! heard Ernest's step in the ante-room; he entered, and the two gentlemen shook hands cordially, for Mr. Latimer had heard all at his father's, and embraced his little sister with a heartiness which brought the tears into her eyes—but they were only tears of happiness—as he spoke words of loving congratulation and encouragement.

They parted at last, hopefully and cheerfully, and the married pair were left alone.

Perhaps in the silence which ensued both recalled their own betrothal, their vows of love and constancy, and the shadow which had fallen on their lives. In the loss of friends beloved by Death, if they be faithful, there is hope to see their faces once again, when the light of morning dawns on the Paradise of rest. But in the change and estrangement of members of one's household, the bodily presence is but added grief, when the distance of heart from heart seems immeasurable. In the one separation a form is dead, but celestial Hope lives; in the other, there is living death and buried Hope!

"Aidy!—the voice which had been rich and full, sounded sharp and unnatural now—"I can bear this no longer; we must part!"

A low cry broke from her lips, and the work dropped from her hands. Latimer turned quickly. His hope, which was dying, revived at the sound of anguish; but the terrible reserve her education had fostered, stood between Aidyl and happiness now like a demon.

"I shall die," she thought, "but he will not suffer as now; I could pass through torture for his sake!" And on the rack of her own contriving she placed herself.

"If you would be less wretched," she said, the restraint she put on herself giving a kind of cold monotony to the tones, "I will not stand in the way of alleviation."

Latimer's dark cheeks grew pale. "The composure, madame, with which you receive a proposal which is generally considered a matter of deep moment to persons of less balanced minds, convinces me that you have already given it thought. Your consideration for my happiness deserves my gratitude. Yet, I must, in my turn, consult your wishes as to the terms of the divorce, and—"

She was startled now. "I am your wife," she said. Then her voice seemed to fail.

"Yes," he answered, now fearfully misconstruing her, and giving to his own heart so horrible a blow, it was only the man's indomitable pride that supported him—"yes, you need not fear; for your comfort there shall be ample provision."

Happily, she did not comprehend him. "I am your wife," she repeated, "and God has joined us; no law of man can part us." He covered his face with his hands. "Ernest"—it was long since she had called him by that name—"when we were married, there was a blessing said over us, but it has not come to us; it has been like a meaningless form. If we part now, a curse must follow, to which our present misery would seem light. Forgive me the wretchedness I have caused you (most unwittingly, God knows), and bear with me. We must live together, Ernest. May He who sees our grief help us."

"It is enough," he answered, coldly; "we will live and suffer."

Yet, his better nature triumphed, and broke through the crust of pride.

"Once more I ask you, Aidyl, and once more only, if we were happy for a few short weeks, why not now? Speak—tell me! If by word, or look, or deed, I am become hateful to you, or who, or what stands between our hearts and their communion? When this horrible cloud which darkens our home and life takes form and shape, what shall I see? Speak—tell me!"

She sprang forward, every feature resolved, and her lips just parted to tell him all, when Mr. Corbet entered.

Never had this visit been so ill-timed, so fraught

with apparent evil. He did not remain long, but meanwhile Ernest was called away by a client, and Aidyl, hopeless of concluding the interview with her husband, went out in search of some relief from harassing thoughts. When she returned, she had only time to dress for dinner, and while so engaged, perceived, lying on her table, a note. It was from Ernest, and ran as follows:

"I am obliged to go to Philadelphia by the next train, and have but a moment in which to write these lines. I will return Saturday. You may be lonely. If your sister or father would come to you, it would be well. If anything occasions you uneasiness, telegraph to—Hotel immediately. Yours, E. L."

To be gone! The first feeling was desolation; the next, fear lest his absence be prolonged; those which followed were sweeter. That day was Thursday; he would return on Saturday, and he had expressed evident solicitude for her comfort. He had not gone in anger, then? Ah! if she did her duty, might he not yet learn to love her! And in a sudden there flashed into her mind better, brighter hopes, and the revelation of her own folly and wickedness in concealing so long from her husband her knowledge of his conversation with Maurice; and she fell upon her knees, confessing and imploring, and a peace she had not thought she could feel again stole into her heart. And as her faith in God grew stronger, her faith in man increased. Ernest had said he loved her; she would believe him; it must all be some horrible misunderstanding. Ah, when would he return? She would count the hours.

She sent for Mary, and in her troubles, Aidyl was roused to interest herself. She went that evening to Judge Latimer's, to tell him the story of Frank Staunton's love for Mary, and of her father's objection to their marriage or intercourse because he was poor. Both lovers had made her their confidant, and she plead their cause with earnestness, and moved the sympathies of the kind old man. He was a person of extended influence, and had just heard of a vacancy in some office which Staunton might be able to fill.

"Ah!" cried Aidyl, sadly, "he has enlisted as a private in the army, and gone to Washington." "No; you are mistaken," said Maurice; "that I prevented, and saw him this morning, mentioned the appointment to him, and he is now making efforts to gain it, and intended to apply to my father for his influence."

This was good news. And so heartily did they all enter into the matter, that by Saturday morning the office was secured, and Maurice Latimer volunteered to accompany Aidyl to Mr. Corbet's house and intercede with her father for the lovers.

Mr. Corbet received them graciously; he was always in a measure impressed by the manly, true-hearted Maurice, who opened the subject, to Aidyl's great relief. He first told of Frank's appointment, and the emoluments and perquisites of his office, then added, he had learned of an attachment existing between Staunton and Miss Mary, and that the former's inability to support a wife had been the obstacle to their union. This difficulty was now removed. He would not be a rich man, but he would not be a needy one, and he was confident Mr. Corbet would no longer withhold his consent.

"I am glad to learn of Mr. Staunton's good fortune, sir," replied Mr. Corbet, stiffly, "and am obliged to you for your interference in my daughter's settlement. It is, however, a matter of some importance to me whether she is to be allowed to follow her own self-will, or the direction of my better judgment. I have decided. I will never consent to let her marry a poor beggar like Frank Staunton! I dislike discussing family matters with strangers, Mr. Latimer, so, if you please, we will change the subject."

Aidy! heart sank. But though Maurice flushed a little, he stood his ground respectfully and firmly, and after a long and stormy interview, he was successful, and Mary's happiness complete.

As they returned to Aidyl's door, Maurice expressed surprise that Ernest had never interested himself in the affair.

"He knew nothing of it," said Aidyl, sadly. "I could not bear him to think my father mercenary. And besides, oh, Maurice!—I could not tell even Lucy this—it has been said I married for money, and I could not bear to have him think—"

Maurice interrupted her sternly.

"Do you think him so base as to harbor one suspicion of such a nature, degrading at once to you and to himself? Poor child, there never will be perfect peace between husband and wife while they have secrets one from the other. Ernest is impatient and impetuous, but hardly ungenerous!"

She made no more excuses, she looked humbled and distressed, but they parted affectionately. Ernest could not return home until late in the evening, and Aidyl was resting with Mary, and drawing pictures of a happy future, when Mrs. Malyse was announced. Mary, always timid, fled precipitately, and left her sister to bear that woman's wrath alone.

Mrs. Malyse's remarks upon Mr. Staunton's success were few; she hardly deigned to sneer at "love in a cottage;" but she did not forgive Aidyl's part in the matter, nor her bitter words to her, and there was the malice of resentment in her very look and tone.

"My dear," she said, handing her niece a small packet of old letters, "here is something in which you are interested. These are French love-letters, addressed to your husband, by a woman whose character—bah! she had none—whose reputation was far from irreproachable."

The wife took them, and this time Corbet's tranquillity was unruffled. Her apparent tranquillity was unruffled.

"How did you obtain a knowledge of their character?"

Mrs. Malyse was staggered, yet told at once the literal truth.

"A small desk of his was left at our house last summer, and forgotten, and falling down by ac-

cident from a shelf, broke open, and I discovered these—"

"And read them?" inquired Aidyl, with undisguised contempt.

"And read them," repeated her aunt, coolly. "I saw the woman's name on the package, and trembled for your happiness."

Aidy! courted her gratitude for her consideration, and Mrs. Malyse, her anger now overcoming her, poured forth such insinuations and open accusations against Ernest, as might have made any wife turn from him in shuddering horror. But her niece only walked to the table, put the hateful package into an envelope, sealed and stamped it trebly, and having addressed it, motioned to her tormentor to read the superscription; it ran as follows:

"Enclosed for my beloved husband, Ernest Latimer, by his faithful wife, A. L."

Mrs. Malyse was pale with baffled rage.

"Aunt," said Aidyl, and her voice rang out sweet and clear, "if a thousand were to come to me now, and say my husband were false to a Higher One than I, I would not believe them! If he were to come to me himself, and say 'I am guilty with that woman,' I would cry, 'You are dreaming, my beloved—it is not so—not so!' Your words, Aunt Malyse, fall on my ear, but leave no echo! If Ernest had sinned—sinned against me and heaven, my love could blot out all my prayers plead for his forgiveness, my heart cling to him forever!"

Before the dignity of that true wife, Mrs. Malyse stood dumb, and hardly knew, in her confusion and defeat, when she was left alone.

Mrs. Latimer waited until she heard the hall-door close after her aunt, then went to Mary, and begged to be left undisturbed for a while, and retreated to her room. She wrote then to Ernest a long letter, relating everything which had disturbed her peace, from the time of her unintentional eavesdropping to the present hour. She wrote of Mary and Staunton, and of the strange letters, and expressed, in such words as she had used to her aunt, her unclouded faith in his integrity. This, with the packet, she placed with her own hands upon his dressing-table, determined not to see him until he knew all.

He came, and Mary alone greeted him. Anxiously he inquired for Aidyl.

"She is in hiding somewhere. She will be here soon."

He waited in the study, and she did not come. He went to his room, and tossing, with a man's carelessness, his duster and wrappings on a table, he effectually concealed from himself the packets and note which were to unite his heart to hers once more. He had left his door half-open, and saw his wife stealing past, wrapped in a loose mantle which he had often admired. He closed his door and rang his bell. While Aidyl, encountering Mary, said:

"Go to the drawing-room. Mr. Staunton is there. Take my cloak; it is growing cold."

"I am not cold," said the sister, excited at the thought of meeting Frank, yet even then perceiving Aidyl looked pale and agitated: "I do not want the mantle."

"Yes; take it. I am going to Ernest."

And Mary left her.

The servant going up to Mr. Latimer's room, in answer to his bell, found his master pacing his room, with his business letters in his hand.

"Where is Mrs. Latimer?"

"In the parlor, with Mr. Staunton, sir."

"Has any one been here since I left home?"

"Very few, sir, beside Miss Lucy and Miss Corbet. Mr. Staunton has been here twice. Mrs. Latimer has been out more than usual. Did you wish me to take a message to Mrs. Latimer, sir?"

"No; I am going down-stairs."

The recollection of Aidyl's disturbed face when she had wished him to discontinue Mr. Staunton's visit, lest it should involve her in difficulty with her father, returned to him, but he dismissed the thought as unworthy; and yet, wounded and indignant by her long absence, and her entertaining a visitor at such a moment, neglectful of her husband's welcome, he went below, and directly to the library. As he crossed the hall he saw, by the dim light at the entrance, two figures, engaged in such low-whispered conversation, they did not heed the sound of his step. The woman seemed to be Aidyl—it was her peculiar cloak she wore—and the man was Frank Staunton; the latter stooped down and drew her to his breast, and before Latimer could articulate a word, he had opened the door and was gone, while the woman sped unheeding past Ernest, her face averted.

The shadow which had darkened their home and life took hideous form and shape now. Latimer walked to the library. A servant was there.

"Tell Mrs. Latimer I wish to see her here immediately."

Aidy! obeyed the summons with a beating heart. She was happy in her presentment of good. Purity and love looked forth from her lovely eyes; a prayer for blessing trembled on her lips; she would have rushed to his embrace, but he forbade her.

She stopped, and clasped her hands before her face, that she might shut out that fierce, heart-breaking glance.

"False, doubly false!" he cried; "false to your marriage vows, false to your God! Not to do not kneel to me—implore heaven's mercy—mine is dead! Do not cling to me! Take off those hands, whose very touch is pollution! I, once, miserably duped, might have known what woman's faith is worth; but, no, I was blind—blinded by the beauty of your face, and called that beauty, the index of a soul as pure. All false! Oh, heaven! are my sins greater than the sins of other men, that only curses are showered upon me?"

Exhausted by the violence of his own emotion, he was silent, and turned away from the still kneeling figure, with its clasped hands and drooping head.

(Continued on page 215.)

Henry Vincent, the English Reformer.

We publish a likeness of Henry Vincent, the well-known English Reformer, who is now on a visit to America for the third time.

Few men are better known or more popular in England than Mr. Vincent. At the early age of fifteen, when he was apprenticed to a printer at Hull, his eloquence attracted attention. He early distinguished himself in London, in connection with the agitation for the repeal of the newspaper tax. He afterward became editor and part proprietor of a newspaper, the *Vindicator*, in the city of Bath, during which time he joined the agitation for Reform in Parliament, and became implicated with some of the sufferers in that agitation, and was himself a prisoner for nearly two years. After his release, now for a period of a quarter of a century, his untiring energy and unrivaled eloquence have been employed in connection with all the grand measures of Reform which have taken place in England during that period. He has been constantly on the same platform with Joseph Sturge, Cobden, Bright, Mill, Milner Gibson, and others, and formed part of the deputation to the large continental cities on the subject of arbitration. Mr. Vincent's object is to deliver a course of lectures on prominent Englishmen in this country, and there is no man in existence so capable of delineating the characters of public men.

Mr. Vincent's lectures on History, on the Protestant Reformation, and the Commonwealth of England, are most valuable for their educational character. The high moral tone he has always taken places him upon a pinnacle which few public men attain.

He is musical and poetical. His lectures upon John Milton and other poets must be heard to be appreciated. We hail his arrival, and wish him a successful career. He twice contested one of the English boroughs against Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Bart., the Chief Lord Baron of Dunsany's appointment, as well as several other cities of England.

SKETCHES FROM ALASKA.

The Indians of the peninsula opposite Kamtschatka recently purchased by the United States Government from Russia, almost universally adopt underground houses for winter use. These are simply square holes, sometimes lined with logs or boards, the roof alone raised above the level of the soil. The entrance is often a rude shanty on the surface. Passing into this, the visitor finds a hole in the ground, dropping into which, he makes his appearance in a subterranean passage about three feet in height. By crawling on hands and knees a short distance, the main chamber is reached. The fire is made on the floor of the room, and when the cooking arrangements are over, the cinders are thrown out of the smoke-hole in the roof, which is then covered tightly with a skin. The entrance-hole is covered in the same way, which, of course, shuts in all warmth, and a good quantity of smoke and carbonic acid gas besides. The dwellings are frequently so heated, that even in the coldest



HENRY VINCENT, ESQ., THE ENGLISH REFORMER.

Potts, D. D., was pastor for many years, expressed their desire to contribute largely, if it might be legally constituted the "Potts Memorial Church," in token of their veneration and love for their pastor. Royal Phelps, James Brown, of Brown Brothers, James Senior and John C. Green, were among the largest donors. The congregation of Morrisania had already given liberally according to their means, and in seventeen months from the time the first sermon was preached in a public hall, hired for the purpose, a tasteful and beautiful church was dedicated. The entire property includes six full lots.

Rev. Arthur Potts, Pastor of the Memorial Church, Morrisania, N. Y.

ARTHUR POTTS, eldest son of the late Rev. George Potts, D.D., of the University Place Church, of New York city, was born at Natchez, Miss., in the year 1832. He entered the New York University at the age of sixteen, and was graduated in his twenty-first year. He afterward went to Newburg, N. Y., where he remained eight years, still devoting himself to his studies, which he completed with his father, and was licensed to preach by the First Presbytery in May, 1868. The following winter he accepted an invitation to conduct divine service at Morrisania, and was soon after placed over a new church in that place, named the "Potts Memorial Church," as an expression of the high esteem in which his father was held by a large and influential congregation of New York city for over thirty years. His address is pleasing, and without affectation, and he is happily aided in the pulpit by a voice that lends due effect to the stirring and earnest thoughts of his discourse. Without attempting rhetorical flourish, he is more than ordinarily fortunate in his power to enchain the interest of his listeners.

By embodying in actual life the great ideas of brotherly love and sympathy toward others, that are seeking the same elevating and divine end, though not designated by the same name, he is demonstrating in his community the power of his Saviour's precepts; and seldom is it the pleasure of a pastor to witness in his congregation such earnest zeal and hearty co-operation in all that pertains to the interests of a young and growing church.

Hon. Anthony L. Robertson, Chief Justice of the New York Superior Court.

JUDGE ROBERTSON comes from an old New York family, and was born in this city about the year 1807. He was educated at Columbia College, graduating in 1825. After the usual course of study, he was admitted to the Bar, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Without acquiring a great reputation as an advocate, he was soon well known as a careful practitioner and prudent counselor. Shortly before the abolition of the old Court of Chancery, by the Constitution of 1846, he was appointed Assistant Vice-Chancellor for the First Circuit, and occupied that office until the new system went into operation. In 1848, he was appointed Surrogate of the County of New York, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of



SKETCHES FROM ALASKA—INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN HOUSE, UNALACHILET RIVER, NORTON SOUND.



SKETCHES FROM ALASKA—INDIAN DANCE AT UNALACHILET.

whether the Indians may be found living outside in a rude condition.

Our second illustration represents one of the Indian dances which are of frequent occurrence during the winter months. In each village there is always a building set apart for such festivals and for other gatherings of the people. The entertainments are commenced with a feast, and that over, a dance is begun to a most monotonous chorus, with an accompaniment of gongs. The dancers, nearly all young men and boys, are naked to the waist, wearing cotton, or reindeer, or seal skin pants, with the tails of wolves or dogs depending from their waistbands. Their heads are rather grotesquely decorated with feathers, handkerchiefs and strips of gayly-colored cloth. In these performances as much is done by contortions of the body and arms as with the feet; in some of them there is much leaping and gesturing, and occasionally they burlesque the motions of birds and quadrupeds. The odor of these dance-houses, as well as of the dwellings, is almost intolerable to a stranger; yet the natives do not appear to detect anything unpleasant.

Ruins of Trinity Church, Norboun Parish, Virginia.

THE moss-covered ruin represented in our engraving, is all that remains of an ancient structure standing upon a hill about a mile west from Chavestown, Va., a hundred yards to the right of the Winchester Pike. It is surrounded by locust trees, and, in the shadowy twilight, when our artist made the sketch, looked as gloomy as some old haunted castle of the Rhine. The window-casings are of cedar, and though the building is over one hundred and fifty years old, are in a perfect state of preservation. The inhabitants of the vicinity are ignorant of the date of its foundation—so long ago were those crumbling walls upraised; and, whatever may be its history, it is considered one of the curiosities of Virginia.

The Potts Memorial Presbyterian Church, Morrisania, Westchester County.

THE "Potts Memorial Presbyterian Church" is situated on Washington avenue, between Fifth and Sixth streets, in Morrisania. It was dedicated a year

and a half ago, and is one of the most interesting churches in the suburbs of New York city. A little more than two years since the pastor of this church was induced by a few earnest men to examine the field at Morrisania, in view of establishing a Presbyterian church in that place. The town was growing rapidly, and it seemed a fitting time to plant such a church, that its influence might be for the good of the place,

and that the church might grow with the increasing population.

With the sanction and approval of the first Presbytery of New York, the Rev. Arthur Potts, who had just completed his theological studies, entered upon the work. When he was about to solicit aid in the building of the church, the University Place Congregation of New York city, of which his father, the late Rev. George

the Hon. Charles McVean, and held that office until January, 1849, when he was succeeded by Hon. Alexander W. Bradford.

In 1859, he was a candidate before the Democratic convention for Justice of the Superior Court, his competitors for the nomination being Mr. John T. Doyle and Mr. Malcolm Campbell. Mr. Campbell received the highest vote on the first ballot, and Judge Robertson the lowest. On the second ballot Mr. Doyle was in advance of both his competitors, and would, in all probability, have received the nomination on the next ballot, had not Mr. Campbell withdrawn his name in favor of Judge Robertson, who was, accordingly, nominated. He was elected by a large majority. After serving for the term of six years for which he was elected, he was, in 1866, re-elected for another term.

Judge Robertson is, in every respect, an unexceptionable Judge. Possessed of excellent natural abilities, he has become a thorough lawyer, rather through experience than by hard study. His appearance does not suggest the idea of great industry, and, we believe, we may safely say that he prefers pleasant society to judicial labor; and yet no one can say that he does not discharge the duties of his office with fidelity. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise to those who know his social disposition, and the amount of time spent by him in the most genial and refined society, how and when he can find the opportunities to prepare his able and elaborate opinions. When a difficult or important case has been argued before him, no Judge in the city excels him in the clear analysis of the questions involved, or in the careful review of precedents, or in the correct application of general principles to the particular case. His manners on the Bench are dignified and courteous, and, although it is complained that he sometimes discards a juvenile barrister, by a monosyllabic interruption, yet every one who is acquainted with his kind heart and amiable temper will readily acquit him of any intentional discourtesy.

In the more important elements of judicial character, he is universally esteemed. The breath of suspicion has never reached him. In the several high positions which he has filled, his course has been marked by entire absence of favoritism, by perfect impartiality, and by the purest integrity.

Being still a bachelor, the Chief Justice naturally affiliates with social clubs of the most select character, and by their members, as well as by his numerous friends and acquaintances, he is regarded as a most agreeable associate, and is universally respected as a man.



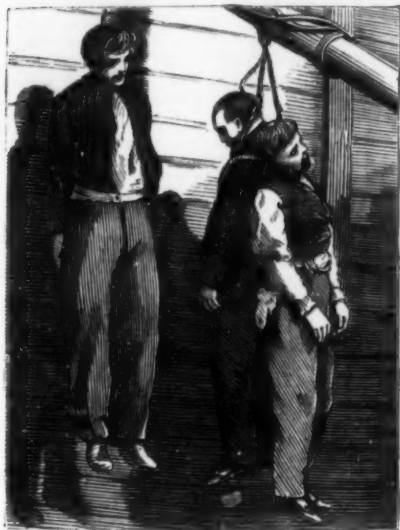
RUINS OF TRINITY CHURCH, NORBOUNE PARISH, VA.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.

Lynch Law at Laramie.

The construction of the Pacific Railroad, itself wonderful, has wrought wonders in the Far Western regions to which it has summoned the vaunt-couriers of civilization. But, while cities rise as if by magic in



LYNCH LAW AT LARAMIE, OCT. 18.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



A FUNNY FIGHT IN PHILADELPHIA.

publish them as a warning to the evil-disposed in those localities, and as an evidence that the people there are determined to deal summary justice to offenders.

Forcible Arguments in Court.

During the recent trial of a case before Justice Dodge,

"branded that assertion as false." Whereupon the general remarked that he didn't allow anybody to call him a liar; that he had whipped a good many men for that sort of thing—and while uttering a general manifesto of this character, began discharging his heaviest artillery at the colonel, in the shape of his law books, which he threw at the refractory colonel's head. The



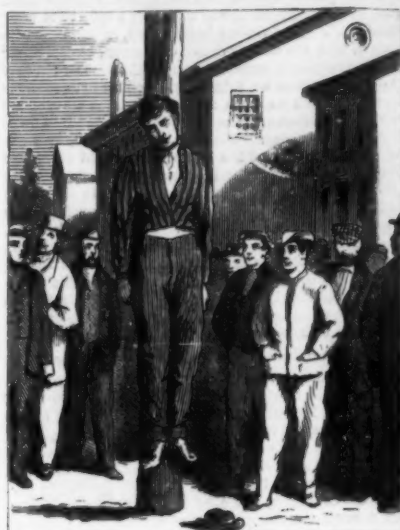
FORCIBLE ARGUMENTS IN COURT.



A SCALY PURCHASE.

A Scaly Purchase.

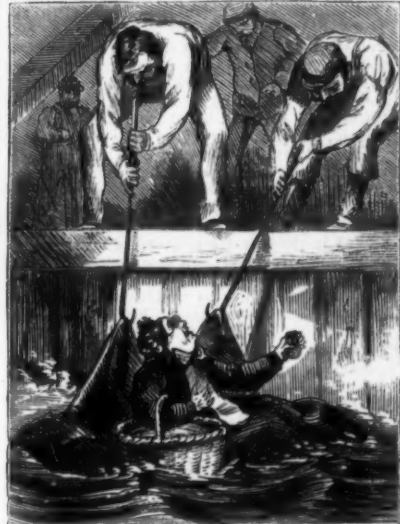
At a recent sale of unclaimed packages and parcels in the office of the Merchants' Union Express Company, St. Louis, Mo., an elongated box was brought underneath the auctioneer's hammer, very like a shoe-box, some four feet in length, and about one and a



LYNCH LAW AT LARAMIE, OCT. 19.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.



A DROP TOO MUCH.



BURIED ALIVE ON COMPULSION.

in St. Paul, Minnesota, an exciting controversy arose between two distinguished ex-military officers. Colonel McPhail, of Redwood, who was a witness in the case, had occasion to say to General Gorman, attorney for one of the parties, that he had misstated what he (the witness) had said, to which the general made a testy reply, which induced the colonel to reply, that he

colonel thereupon formed in line of battle, and in a brilliant and successful charge broke the enemy's centre, turned both his flanks, and routed him completely, that is to say, he knocked the general down, and was proceeding to punish him severely, when the latter was rescued by the sheriff and his deputies, who were present.

the wilderness, the most desperate and lawless characters find their way to these young communities, and scatter into the virgin soil the seeds of vice and villainy. So it was in California in the early days of emigration to that wealth-endowed land; and we cannot be surprised to see the example of the people of that El Dorado followed by the settlers on the line of the Pacific Railroad, in the formation of vigilance committees for the protection of life and property. At the thriving town of Laramie, on the 18th of October last, three desperadoes were tried by Lynch law, and hung to a beam laid across the roof of a house. On the next day, another detected rogue, named Steve Young, was, at the same place, suspended from a telegraph-pole. A traveler who was present procured photographs of the terrible scene, from which our engravings are taken. We



ATTACK ON MAJOR BOUTELLE'S SURVEYING PARTY, COLORADO TERRITORY, BY CHEYENNE INDIANS.

half high. It was labeled "Dr. Kane, Showman," and also bore the word "New Orleans." It had evidently circulated freely on railways. When it was brought under the hammer the bidding was lively. It was finally knocked down to a market-woman, living in the suburbs. She forked over three dollars to the auctioneer, her son shouldered the box, put it into the market-wagon, and away they drove at a speed accelerated by their desire to inspect its contents. Not until the wagon stood still before the doorway of the old lady's domicile was it suspected by her that she had possibly bought live stock. The jolting along the way had evidently worked a wonderful change in the contents of the box. When it was lifted out of the wagon and deposited on the sidewalk, there was a violent thumping and knocking within; so violent that the old lady

dropped it in terror. Her husband came, and with him the balance of the household, and when they had gathered around, the mysterious monster in the box made seemingly a desperate effort to effect an exit. The old man stood aloof and the children ran away. In less time than it takes to tell, all the women and children of the vicinity were gathered around. The old woman, questioned on all hands, told them she had dropped in at an auction and invested three dollars, and how she hoped it was a pig, or a calf, or a cashmere goat. The violent hammering in the box continued, and the staring crowd of women, children, negroes, and idlers constantly multiplied. The old lady at length offered an Ethiopian, standing by, a diminutive greenback to open the box. Sambo essayed the task with evident trepidation. He was confident there was spirits in dar. With the edge of an ax, by a violent effort, a side of the box was wrenched off. The box was turned over, and there rolled out, floundering and writhing, and casting his tall high in air, a jolly young alligator. The crowd was dispersed as if a bomb had fallen in their midst. The women shrieked, the children screamed, and Sambo's eyes started from their sockets, and, in helpless and speechless terror, he beheld the devil bodily for the first time. The alligator crawled slowly away, pursued at a good distance to the rear by the crowd. The old lady, it is understood, threatens to bring suit against the auctioneer.

A Puny Fight in Philadelphia.

The scene represented in our engraving actually occurred in the City of Brotherly Love on the evening of the 29th of November. Lieutenant Goldie had his attention attracted by the cries of a boy, who complained that his leg had been injured by a fall. Two women stopped and expressed sympathy with the boy, and while they and the lieutenant were endeavoring to alleviate his condition, two dogs got to fighting. One dog ran around behind one of the women, and the other dog pitched at his antagonist, taking the shortest course under the dress of the woman. The result was, the last-mentioned dog forced his head through the hoops worn by the woman, and in this position, seized the other dog. As the dog who was fastened in the hoops plunged forward, away went the woman with him, and as he attempted to pull the other dog either way the woman had to come along. The woman screamed terrifically, and her companion did likewise. A crowd assembled, and the woman, whose skirt was entangled by the dog, cried lustily that she was being eaten up. Lieutenant Goldie chased about the woman until he obtained hold of the dog by the hind legs, and he pulled him with all his strength, but the frame of the dog was as curved tightly around the dog's neck. Lieutenant Goldie now reached his hand toward the dog's head, and the animal became infuriated, the consequence being that dog, man, and woman, rolled on the pavement in a heterogeneous mass, the other dog all the time jumping around to seize the enemy. The lieutenant finally gave a terrific jerk at the hoops, which jerked at the waist, and the dog started off, dragging the woman a short distance, when she became disengaged from them, and the dog went off with the skirt, and tread still in chancery. The woman demanded a new skirt from the lieutenant, in which she was backed up by her friend, whereupon the lieutenant, having become exhausted at the dog-fight, beat a retreat, he not desiring to have a woman-fight.

Buried Alive.

On the afternoon of the 29th November last, a strange attempt to murder a man was made on the Kingsbridge Road, Westchester county, New York. The details of the case, as learned from Sergeant Whiteman, of the Thirty-second Precinct Police, are as follows: It appears that about 2:30 o'clock on Sunday afternoon several men, more or less intoxicated, and all hailing from the neighborhood of Spuyten Duyvil, made their appearance on the Kingsbridge Road, near Kingsbridge, when they quietly and deliberately set to work to dig a hole or grave. After digging the pit nearly six feet deep, one of the men was seized by his companions and, after a desperate struggle on his part, he was thrust into the hole, and the dirt hurriedly thrown in upon him, thus literally burying their victim alive. After succeeding in accomplishing their brutal act, the gang shouldered their tools and disappeared. Fortunately, however, for the buried man, the proceedings had been witnessed at a distance by some citizens, who, when the gang disappeared, hastened to the scene, and succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate man from his perilous position. He was very much exhausted when exhumed, and it was only by the prompt application of restoratives that he was so far restored to life and strength as to leave for his home. Had he remained in the grave but a few minutes longer, death would, no doubt, have been the result.

Attack of Cheyenne Indians upon Major Boutelle's Surveying Party.

Our engraving, taken from a sketch forwarded to us by an artist connected with Major Boutelle's surveying party, represents a scene such as has been recently often described in accounts from the Western frontier. On the 15th of October, while Major Boutelle's party were engaged in running the second correction line north, in Colorado Territory, at a point near the South Platte river, and about one hundred and seventy-five miles northeast from Denver, they were attacked by twenty-nine Cheyenne Indians. The major's party consisted of eight men, who repulsed the enemy in fine style; but learning that the vicinity was filled with hostile savages, the expedition was abandoned.

The Horns of a Dilemma.

A merchant of St. Paul, Minnesota, while hunting last summer, came upon two bucks with their horns locked together in the manner in which they now appear. One of the animals was dead, and the other was unable to disengage itself from its cumbersome burden. It must inevitably have remained in that position until it met a lingering death by starvation, had not the hunter put an end to its sufferings by dispatching it on the spot. The only explanation of this strange conjunction of the animals is found in the supposition that they were engaged in a fierce combat, and rushing upon each other with great force, the prongs of the horns bent under the force of the collision just sufficient to allow the antlers to slip into one another, and springing back, held the bucks together—eye to eye, face to face—and defying all efforts to separate them. The dead buck was probably killed in the encounter, or it must have died shortly afterward, for its skull was found to have been perforated by one of the prongs of its adversary.

A Drop too Much.

A few evenings since, a stout old lady, with a multitude of clothes on and a ponderous basket on her arm, approached the ferryhouse of the Union Company, at the Fulton Ferry slip, on the Brooklyn side, in evident haste, as is usual on such occasions. She had just succeeded in paying the ferryman, and had not yet restored the purse to her pocket, from which she had abstracted the two cents, when the whistle sounded. With a convulsive Oh! she rushed toward the boat in

the wake of many others equally as eager, but more lively, being less fat. Several gentlemen with spasmodic extremities, as is the custom, got on board; others, more cautious or less nimble, didn't try it, but the old lady with the basket did, for she couldn't help herself. The tide was low and the bridge slanting, so that as she made for the boat her speed increased with the descent. Several arms were outstretched to stop the ponderous mass, but fate would have it otherwise; on she rushed to reach the bridge and just in time to drop between it and the now progressing boat. Happily, too fat to sink, she was soon secured from immediate danger by supporting herself on the boat, but she refused to abandon either the basket or the purse to further the effort to save herself. Ultimately, the poor old lady was safely landed by two of the ferrymen, who had to go down to their work. As she was carried in, shivering, from her involuntary bath, still grasping firmly the basket and the purse, she was followed by a crowd of sympathizers. One wretch, only, failed to recognize the heroism she had displayed, for he asked the question, "Don't you think she had a drop too much?"

O. O. D.—Reader, if you want a genuine watch, and do not desire to be swindled by dealers in spurious imitations, procure circular containing valuable information to watch buyers. Sent free. M. E. CHAPMAN & CO., 47 Liberty street, N. Y.

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WILLIAM WHITE & Co., of New York, have published a book of Poems, by Warren Sumner Barlow, entitled "Three Voices." The Voice of Superstition, the Voice of Nature, the Voice of a People, constitute the themes of this singular work. It is dedicated to "Those who have Ears to Hear," and to the latter, therefore, we leave the responsibility of accepting or rejecting the doctrines advanced by the author.

AS THE HOLIDAYS approach, we find that the spirit of invention has, during the past year, been busily engaged in supplying new and attractive articles for Christmas and New Year's Gifts. Kimmel & Forster, of 264 and 266 Canal street, New York, have introduced a novelty which they call "The American Lady and her Children." This is intended to be useful as well as entertaining, and the inventor has admirably succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. An advertisement on our last page will explain the uses of this charming and ingenious contrivance.

A STUPENDOUS TUNNEL.—The most stupendous tunnel enterprise has lately been accomplished at the silver mines in the German Harz mountains. The mines were over 3,000 feet deep, and scarcity of fuel prevented the use of steam for pumping, which was done by water-wheels, aided by tunnel drains. But the great depth reached in 1859 precluded further progress in that manner, and a tunnel was commenced for deep drainage, which is just now finished. The tunnel is twenty-two miles long; two million cubic yards of solid rock were excavated; ten thousand pounds of powder used, and the linear extent of blasting-holes drilled, is one hundred and eighty miles. Naturally, on the successful completion of this colossal work, thirty-two thousand miners, whose livelihood is now assured for twenty years, celebrated the event with grand rejoicing. The mines can be worked until 1877 without steam, and they have been worked since the year 926 in continuous profitable production.

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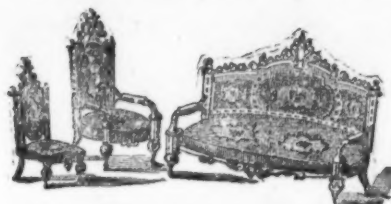
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